

The Guide to Holiness.

OCTOBER, 1860.

EDITORIAL PAPERS.

DOCTRINAL DISCUSSION.—NO. III.

Temptation.

To all who would live "holy and without blame," it is interesting and important to know how and to what extent a Christian may be the subject of temptation without sin. That all Christians are liable in this life to temptation, is evident from the fact that our state of probation continues till death, and one element of probation is the liability to temptation. That this liability, and even the fact of temptation, may exist without sin, is evident from the apostle's declaration concerning Christ, that he "was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." The position has been taken, and strenuously defended, that "temptation is a sensible impulse or solicitation to do some evil act;" and that, "when, under proper conditions, the external exciting object is presented, its corresponding appetite or passion is necessarily excited, and tends to gratification; that the existence of this involuntary excitement and the consciousness of its tendency to seek gratification is not sin nor of the nature of sin." In other words, sin may not be affirmed of the sensibilities in their instinctive form, however much excited, prior to the consent of the will.

The term sin is used in the Scriptures, and by theological writers, in two senses. First, in reference to voluntary acts of transgression. Second, in reference to that condition of the moral nature which tends to voluntary sin, or sin of the act. In the latter sense, the term sin may with propriety be applied to the sensibilities as they now exist in the constitution of fallen man. The mode of the instinctive action of the sensibilities may be the same in man as before the fall, but the direction of that action is changed. For example, the instinctive feeling of satisfaction or displeasure may have been the same in Adam before and after the fall; but it is plain that what produced satisfaction in him before the fall must have produced just the opposite feeling after that event. Our idea, then, is that, though the sensibilities have an instinctive action for which we are not responsible as for voluntary action, yet the character and direction of that instinctive action have been affected by the fall; and this is referred to in the scriptural declarations, "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity;" "sin wrought in me all manner of concupiscence." &c., &c. This depraved tendency is changed at conversion, and

this is the great work of the new birth. But it is the teaching of the Scriptures, illustrated by the experience of Christians, that the change effected at conversion does not usually amount to an entire eradication of this tendency. An entire change—such that the instinctive action of the sensibilities will be such, as to its direction, as was that of Adam before the fall, as was that of him "who knew no sin"—is the result of growth in grace and that further work of the Holy Spirit by which we become "wholly sanctified."

This depraved action of the sensibilities in the unconverted man gives a greatly increased power to temptation. The emotions kindle; desire is excited. In the young Christian there may be the excitement of emotion and desire, and in proportion to the remains of depravity in the heart is the strength of emotion and desire. This we mean when we speak of the flesh as in alliance with the world and the devil. We believe that we may come to such a spiritual state that the temptation may not reach the emotions and desires, but be restricted to the intellectual perception. The temptation may be presented to the mind and the emotions be excited, but against, not in favor of, the temptation. In the case of the wholly sanctified, their tastes have become so pure that, as in Adam before the fall, as in Christ, ("because as he is so are we in this world,") so in them, the emotions, the desires, all the sensibilities of their nature will at once rise up against the temptation. When the devil, on the pinnacle of the temple, suggested to Christ the promise, "He shall give his angels charge concerning thee, &c.," and urged him to test that promise by an experiment, it was certainly a temptation which went not beyond the intellect of Christ. So with the proposition that he, the Son of God, should bow down and worship the devil, with the offer of the dominion of the world, we cannot for a moment admit the suggestion that Christ had an emotion of pleasure in view of the suggestion, and that then a desire was instinctively excited in him to secure the proffered boon. His emotions rose at once against the suggestion.

We may illustrate the same point from the temptation, in yielding to which Eve became depraved. It was the suggestion to unbelief which constituted the temptation, and in yielding to this she fell. In the moment that she assented in her thought to the suggestion, "Ye shall not surely die," there was unbelief, and in that moment she fell. Then her instinctive emotion and desire—the emotion and desire of a fallen being—were excited in favor of the act of disobedience. She could then look at the tree and see that it was "good for food, &c." In the first moment of her unbelief she became depraved. Her duty was, at the very instant that the devil said, "Ye shall not surely die," to have repelled the temptation. Neglecting to do so, she fell. Then her

own depravity was in league with the devil, and secured her disobedience.

This theory of temptation does not preclude the idea of even sore conflict. The continual suggestion to the mind of that against which our whole moral and spiritual nature revolts, may constitute a severe trial. Thus was Christ tempted forty days in the wilderness, not with emotions and desires to do wrong, but with suggestions of every possible form and in every possible direction, continually presented, but continually resisted and overcome. Had Eve repelled the first suggestion of the devil, he might still have whispered from day to day the suggestion in her ear. Her pure nature, her holy sensibilities, rising against the suggestion, might have resisted successfully, yet there would have been a sore conflict. Thus, without an enemy in the camp, without the excitement of our own emotions or desires in league with the world and the devil, there may be a fierce and prolonged attack, there may be fiery darts to be quenched "with the shield of faith." Such has been the experience of the saints of God in all ages. Such will be the experience of "all that will live godly in Christ Jesus."

LOOK WELL TO THE FOUNDATION.

A builder would indeed be unwise who should *always* tarry at the foundation of the edifice which he proposes to erect. A fear lest the superstructure should not be well established, which is so indulged as to prevent all progress, is equivalent to not building at all. But another equally disastrous error is the hurry to see the beautiful proportions of the structure, which overlooks its foundation security, whether it be upon the sand or rock. Neither is there wisdom in overlooking the necessary steps which lay between even a good foundation and the top stone. Let us mind God's order, and we are safe.

We are God's building. Christ is the chief corner-stone. Other foundation than Christ can no man lay. The first thought of our minds and purpose of our hearts, then, in aiming to become the temple of God, should be to lay the foundation simply and wholly in Christ. No subsequent efforts for the promotion of our spiritual life will compensate for neglect here. The edifice may have beautiful adornings, but these do not supply strength to the foundation. Good works, great zeal, much watchfulness, and constant prayer, will not suffice if we begin not in Christ.

These remarks are not only applicable to our earliest Christian experience, but they are emphatically important when applied to the blessing of *perfect love*. It is well for us to look at every stone in its foundation. Our sense of inbred sin has been a preparatory work by which we have been made to see the necessity of entire gospel purity. This sense of need is a basis on which rests a full

confession of sin, and a repentance for it unto entire cleansing. Here, then, is one of the foundations of our blessing,—a sense of inbred sin and an adequate repentance for it.

Again, we should look well to our consecration. Have we presented all a living sacrifice to Christ? and is it the *habit* of our souls, going into every moment of our daily life, to reckon ourselves dead unto sin?

We should examine our hearts in reference to our faith, also. If we are truly made whole in Christ, our life is a life of faith. When our faith is perfect our love is so too, and we shall not fail of all the fulness of God. We should then often prove this grace, lest it lose its firm hold upon the promises and we begin to fall away.

The importance of laying a good foundation, and its true character, are subjects of frequent remark in the Scriptures. (Is. xxviii. 16; 1 Cor. iii. 9.) Our Saviour refers to them in his beautiful picture of the wise man who built his house upon a rock, against which floods and winds beat in vain.

Nature admirably illustrates the importance of a good foundation. The oak does not seek its high position among the trees of the forest without striking its roots deep into the earth, and extending them far and wide. It is not fitting for the soul to try to go heavenward until it has sunk, as it were, into the very depths of a Saviour's merits, laying its foundation deep in his all-cleansing blood.

It is well often to re-examine our foundations. The "wise master-builder" not only begins well, but he watches all the agencies which might render insecure that beginning. Frosts may heave and unsettle; subterranean streams may, little by little, loosen; earthquakes may suddenly and violently rend; and thus the foundation be made to give way. The wise master watches all these influences; but in his case the contingencies may defy all his foresight and watchfulness. But if our spiritual house be built upon Christ, and watchfully kept, then the "gates of hell cannot prevail against it." "Though the earth be removed, and the mountains be cast into the midst of the sea," yet shall we not fear.

SCRIPTURE CABINET.

GETHSEMANE.

PASSING from St. Stephen's gate, of the city of Jerusalem, we descend, after walking a few rods, the steep bank of the Brook Kedron. The distance from the top of the slope to the bottom is about four hundred feet. The bed of the stream is here quite dry during most of the year. Crossing a causeway and commencing the ascent of the Mount of Olives, a few moments' walking brings us to the north end of the Garden of Gethsemane. A low wall, covered with white

stucco, encloses about one third of an acre of space, now known as Gethsemane. The gate, which is generally locked, is under the care of the convents of Jerusalem.

The possible recognition, at the present time, of many of the sacred localities is doubtful; but of the identity of this spot with the scene of the Saviour's agony on the night of his betrayal, there is no ground of debate. Here are the ancient olive-trees, the early successors, and, perhaps, the scions of those which gave a quiet retreat to the Great Sufferer. The top of the Mount of Olives, now, as then, looks down upon it. The very path pressed so often by the Saviour's feet, on his way to and from Bethany, passes near this spot. Here the disciples, exhausted by watching and solicitude, slept, while the Saviour, "being in an agony," prayed. Here Judas betrayed his master with a kiss; and from this place Jesus was led away to be crucified. Says Dr. Hackett, who recently visited it, "I could not help weeping, so overpowering were the reflections which the scene suggested." This is the spot, it seems to us, above all others in the Holy Land, which the pious traveller would wish to identify. Even the place of the crucifixion itself is scarcely more intimately connected with the fact of our redemption. The Saviour's spiritual conflict, shown by the sweat which was "as it were great drops of blood," and his triumph, when he submissively said, "thy will be done," were for us. It was an important part of "the chastisements of our peace," and a no small exhibition of the "stripes" by which "we are healed." Let us approach, then, the Patient Sufferer at the very moment when the foreshadowing of his mysterious death is upon him. Let us catch his benignant spirit, so manifest in the gentle reproof when he says, "What, could ye not watch with me one hour? With *me*, suffering so much for *you*! Could ye not watch in *such* an hour, when the cup of my sorrow is full?" Let us ask ourselves, while standing thus in Gethsemane, What mean these cries of agony? They speak of the measure of human guilt, and of the wonderful love of him who so bore its penalty, "that God might be just, yet the justifier of him that believeth." Who, standing here, can doubt man's unspeakable demerit? Who can question Christ's exhaustless love? Can it be less than a redemption for *all* sinners that he seeks? Is he less than a saviour from sin's deepest stain and last remaining pollution? Let us not leave this spot without leaving here all our misgivings of his willingness to save us unto the uttermost. How dare we look upon that meek, lamblike sufferer, and indulge doubts which make this imposing scene a miserable deception, and its lone actor a liar? If he cannot, or if he will not, save us, Gethsemane, as well as Calvary, is false. No; the spirit of the place should beget confidence. *His burden* removes ours. *His cries* call upon us to rejoice. His love in suffering *should be* answered by our perfect love that "casteth out fear."

CHRIST A PATIENT SUFFERER.

"He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth."
— *Isaiah liii. 7.*

The patient submission of Christ to the sufferings necessary for the world's redemption are touchingly illustrated by the following incident related by Dr. Hackett: "As I was passing near Gethsemane, one day, I saw at a little distance a shepherd engaged in shearing one of his flock. The animal lay stretched before him on the ground, submitting without resistance or complaint to the operation which he was performing. It seemed as if every movement of the shears would lacerate the flesh; the feet were bound; the man's knees were pressed rudely against the sides of the helpless captive. This position, so irksome, had to be endured for a considerable time before the ample fleece was removed. Yet, during it all, it was wonderful to observe how patient the creature remained. It struggled not; opened not its mouth. Under ordinary circumstances this might not have attracted my attention; but being seen in such a place, it spoke to my heart with touching power. How could I forget the prophet's use of that emblem, in describing the spirit of unshrinking submission to appointed suffering, which was to distinguish the Saviour of men, and of which he gave such matchless proof in the agony of the garden!"

THE CHILD JESUS AND HIS FATHER'S BUSINESS.

"How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"—*Luke ii. 49.*

These words have a peculiar interest. They are the first recorded words of Jesus, spoken when he was twelve years old. We have reason to believe that the visit to Jerusalem, which gave occasion to them, was the first since his parents brought him in infancy to present him to the Lord, (verse 22.) The mention of the twelve years seems of itself to intimate that he had not come with his parents in their former attendance upon the feasts, and from other sources we learn that the Jewish youth were brought at this age to the temple. Precisely in the ordinary course of religious training appointed for the children of God's people, he "grew and waxed strong in spirit," and "was filled with wisdom," (verse 20.) The divinity was gradually manifested to his humanity, for, in his humiliation, he was an infant, a child, a youth, and the increase of "wisdom" and "favor" was adapted to these several stages of his human nature. This is a key to explain his words and conduct on this occasion. He had arrived at a decisive period in his spiritual development, when a means not before used was to give it a marked elevation,—namely, the instruction found in his Father's house, the Temple. Though this instruction was marred by human imperfection, his penetration at once separated its errors from its truth. He was found sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing

them and asking them questions. He was not in the chair of the teacher, but in the seat of the pupil. When catechised, he astonished by his answers; and when he asked questions, as it was proper and customary for a learner to do, all who heard him were amazed.

What questions did he ask; and what truths did his answers unfold? How instinctive is our desire to know the connections of this little scrap of our Saviour's history. But the pen of inspiration takes it up not until after about eighteen years. Yet his answer to his parents teaches us to believe that they were questions which concerned his father's matters. He declared that he must be *in* these,—that is, henceforth he must be left to follow these as his meat and drink. His father's words to the prophets, which neither they (1 Pet. v. 11,) nor he yet fully understood, though they concerned himself, were the texts, doubtless, giving occasion to these questions and answers. These revealed to himself his nature and the work the father gave him to do. He saw his own high commission in them so clearly, and it became at once so familiar to him, that he gently expressed an astonishment that his parents did not see it too. "Wist ye not!" Do you not know this, so plain to me, that I have a duty in my father's house, and about my father's business. I "*must*" be about this. How could you seek me elsewhere? Where besides should I be found? And how could you seek me "*sorrowing*?" as if I could suffer harm while thus engaged. He does not chide them for leaving him, for they were not to blame for this; but with something of the authority of the future man, he replies to his mother's question with the suggestive "How." Did the angel announcements not prepare you for what you have now seen? How is it that you have *thus* sought me whose advent taught you to expect the character in me which I now in part assume? Have you so far forgotten Simeon's and Anna's words as to be astonished at my present conduct?

Thus the growing wisdom of Jesus led him to prepare others to receive him in the work of his father. At his baptism he completed his preparation for this work; but Mary understood only dimly these things until the day of Pentecost.

The meaning of that pregnant, "*My Father*," now for the first time uttered, gave occasion for its constant and solemn repetition throughout his ministry. It was "*My Father*," with whom he was one, and for whose glory he labored and suffered, and to whose right hand he returned to make intercession for his people. The words of the child Jesus to Mary were but the beginning of all this wonderful revelation of truth concerning his Father; and it is worthy of notice that from this time we have no record in the Gospels, of Joseph, the reputed father of Christ.

How strikingly do the 51st and 52d verses, which declare his continued subjection to his parents, illustrate his declaration to John the Baptist, that he came to fulfil all righteousness. Though

his divinity was so manifested as to astonish all who heard his questions and answers in the temple, yet he waited at Nazareth, in the disciplining of obedience, for the time appointed of the Father for him to enter fully upon his ministry.

THE MEANEST FARE.

"He would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat."—*Luke xv. 16.*

Among the many delicate touches of the sacred pencil in the unequalled picture of the Prodigal Son, these words constitute one of the most expressive. Let us briefly notice their import. The word not very aptly rendered "*husk*" in the text, refers to the horned-shaped pods of the fruit of the carob-tree. It is found not only in the East, but in some parts of southern Europe. This fruit has a sweetish taste, and is used as an article of food by the poorer classes. It is also esteemed highly for fattening swine. This statement of the parable, then, shows how far the prodigal had fallen from the privileged condition of his father's house. It is in beautiful contrast with the *feast* of his welcome home. In its spiritual teaching, it displays in vivid coloring the degraded state of the sinner as set against the state of the sons of God. How plainly we see the mind unsatisfied in the one case, and the soul filled with fat things in the other. And when we see, as the parable enables us to see, that this degradation is a chosen one, we are prompted to chide the impenitent in the language of the hymn,

"Come and welcome, sinner, come!

Spread for thee the festal board,
See with richest bounty stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Thou shalt be a child confessed;
Never from his house to roam;
Come and welcome, sinner, come."

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

THE GREAT CROSS OF THE AGE.

A brother writes: "I have taken the Guide from the first, and cannot dispense with its monthly visits. From more than twenty years' observation, and fourteen years' experience as a pastor, I am led to believe that among our most devoted and consistent members are those who steadily read the Guide. Its perusal not only begets an appetite for spiritual food, but furnishes it for the hungry soul. A great battle is yet to be fought on the subject of Christian Scripture holiness. The great cross of the age is to confess the work of the Holy Spirit in regenerating and sanctifying the soul. When will the pulpit, the Methodist pulpit, bear a clear, uniform, and unequivocal testimony to this great distinctive doctrine of our church. We can afford to part with

numbers, wealth, and social position, but we cannot afford to part with this right hand of our power. Its surrender would be dear at any price."

WORDS OF CHEER.

While our trust is in God, from whom alone is sufficient help to enable us to discharge our duty in conducting this periodical, we feel that he does strengthen us through our beloved brothers and sisters in Christ, who have been partakers of like precious faith. The following from a pastor's wife is a *word of cheer*.

"After the lapse of years of convictions of duty, of strong struggling of soul to be free, of the darkest clouds of unbelief, Providence threw me within hearing of Bro. Gorham, who made so plain the way of faith that I learned to claim Christ as my all-sufficient Saviour. And for years the Guide has made me its monthly visits, and has been to me the source of the greatest profit. Never have I prized it more than at the present time, situated as I am this year, where but few talk of this great blessing. It comes laden with its precious truth to strengthen and encourage me so to seek the inward cleansing as to demonstrate to others the revealings of God within me, and be a waymark to them. Have I not reason to love the Guide, and those connected with it? Other periodicals may have in themselves merits, and so be chosen by some, but my influence shall be given to the Guide."

THE OFFENCE OF THE TRUTH.

While thus receiving many encouragements we are not without criticism and reproofs, some of which we esteem candid, and feel that they are given in love. Such are as an excellent oil, which shall not wound but profit; but some we must feel are captious, and a few even resentful, showing that the *truth* is the cause of *offence*. For example: A recent letter orders the Guide stopped. The writer says, "I became disgusted with it by reading the first copy. I think it neither instructive nor interesting, for it fully sustains the doctrine as taught by the priesthood of the present day, that we must first become as little children before we can be in favor with Christ." By the aid of divine grace, the Guide shall never cease to give this occasion of offence.

"FAITHFULNESS BEGETS FAITH."

So remarked a brother under the warm impulse of a renewed consecration to God. He had entered into a fresh covenant with God, and by divine help had been faithful, while at the same time he found the exercise of faith easy, so blended and dependent one upon another are obedience and faith. The path of duty is the path in which faith strengthens. The cross may look intimidating to him who views it at a dis-

tance and shrinks from bearing it; but to him who unhesitatingly takes it up, looking unto Christ for strength, there is given a power to believe which makes that cross the glory and rejoicing of the soul. Legal obedience, such as Wesley had when he went to Georgia as a missionary, brings no comfort. But the obedience of an humble faith, ever saying, "Here, Lord, am I; send me," sets the heart on fire. This was the faith of Wesley, when he "felt his heart strangely warmed," and which animated him when he exclaimed, "The world is my parish," and when, like his master, he went everywhere doing good. Christian, expect not the faith which will make you strong to do and suffer for Christ while you sit still with your hands folded and your head bowed down. Up; go where there is most to be done, and where the battle rages the fiercest in the conflict of sin and holiness. Do; but trust, work, and believe. Let even your closet and your hours of retirement, (and they should be many,) be hours of holy and persistent wrestling with God. So shall your "work of faith" be "a labor of love," and your patient hope be full, "O glorious hope" of immortality.

THE CAMP-MEETINGS.

Now that these yearly convocations of a large number of the people of God are over, we hope to hear more fully of the results, in the testimony to a full salvation from many who have found at these meetings that great blessing. Already we have had some such testimonies. And in this connection we may say

A WORD TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The pens of many of our valuable contributors have, we fear, been too idle even for the warm summer months. At any rate, under the refreshing influence to the outward man of the cool autumn breezes, and under the sweeter and still more refreshing influence of God's Spirit, breathed upon them from him, we trust they will re-consecrate their pens to God, and let our readers have, in part at least, the benefit. Let new pens be set in motion. You know not what God may do for you and by you through this channel of usefulness.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE LOST CHILDREN.

BY A. S. G.

Dear children who read the Guide, I was glad when I saw this corner appropriated to you. I always love little children, and I am especially interested in you, as you are mostly the children of pious parents; and as such I regard you as the children of promise,—children over whom the great God has special care. " 1.

is unto you and your children:" "I will pour my spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring." These and other kindred promises lead me to feel that you are privileged above others; and as your privileges are great, so are your responsibilities in like ratio increased, and I am very anxious your young hearts should be given and kept consecrated to the blessed Jesus who so loves you, now before "the evil days draw nigh."

"I was thinking of something I might say to interest you and lead your thoughts to this great subject, when I took up one of the secular papers and read a little story which affected me deeply, and which shows that the great God hears little children when they pray; that he is their help, their strong refuge in time of need, when they look to him in confidence. It seems that three little girls, children of pious parents, residing somewhere in Pennsylvania, I think, went into the woods to pick whortleberries. They wandered about until they found themselves in a strange place, and could not find the road nor any way out. Now, little ones, what would you have done under such circumstances?

I will tell you what those dear little girls—the oldest not ten years of age; not so old as some of you, I think—did. With the wisdom of maturer years, they seated themselves upon a log, there in the dense wildwood, to think what they should do. They felt that they were *lost*; and with this thought what anguish must have riven those young hearts. Then came the fruit of pious teachings. Instead of yielding to grief, or childish fears, Mary, the eldest, said in this extremity, "Let us pray to God to help us find the way out." And so they all knelt down beside the log, and with hands uplifted, prayed to God for deliverance. Oh what a beautiful sight! Surely the blessed Jesus, who so loves little children that, while on earth, he took them in his arms and blessed them, smiled upon that scene; and would not angels go at his bidding to minister unto them?

After praying, they started anew, and soon found berries enough to appease their hunger. They called then the different names of the dear ones at home, and little Carrie, the youngest, cried for milk, and sat down to rest. Ida, the second, was tired and sleepy, and would rather stay there than try longer to find her way home. So Mary stripped the bark from a dead tree, and covered it with leaves for a pillow, and the little ones laid down to rest. She found the sun had gone down, and it was growing dark, so she made up her mind to stay during the night. She knew the night would be long, and the little ones might awake and cry, so she filled her pocket with winter-greens to pacify them, and then knelt down to pray again for protection. And thus they were found by the anxious parents and people of the village who joined in the search. Oh what a comment upon our holy religion. Had the infidel, or the most hardened, been of the

number, they must have been impressed with its power at the scene which met their view. There, in the dark wildwood, those two little ones sweetly sleeping, and their elder, guardian sister, on her knees praying. Oh, the beautiful, trusting faith of childhood. I wish—sometimes as my own precious little boy of two years and a half old, when tired and weary, comes and throws himself upon his knees with his head in my lap, with, "Me say my prayers, mamma," and then lisps, "Our Father in heaven,"—that I could learn the same lesson of confidence, and of going to Jesus, the *all* compassionate, with my griefs and trials. Now, little children, I can say no more; but pray to Jesus; love him, and he will take care of you in all circumstances. He took good care of little Mary and her sisters, and he will always be with you if you love him.

LOVE AND OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

BY EDWARD E. ROGERS.

A few days since, I asked a little girl whom she loved best. She replied very promptly, "My mother." I dare say, if I should ask the little readers of the Guide the same question, in very many instances I should receive the same reply. There is a very pretty hymn entitled, "I ought to love my mother," which I will venture to repeat, for the sake of those who have never heard it.

"I ought to love my mother;
She loved me long ago;
There is on earth no other
That ever loved me so.
When a weak babe, much trial
I caused her, and much care;
For me no self-denial
Nor labor did she spare.

"When in my cradle lying,
Or on her loving breast,
She gently hushed my crying,
And rocked her babe to rest.
When anything has ailed me,
To her I told my grief;
Her fond love never failed me
In finding some relief.

"What sight is that which, near me,
Makes home a happy place,
And has such power to cheer me?
It is my mother's face.
What sound is that which ever
Makes my young heart rejoice
With tones that tire me never?
It is my mother's voice.

"When she is ill, to tend her
My daily care shall be;
Such help as I can render
Will all be joy to me.
Though I can ne'er repay her
For all her tender care,
I'll honor and obey her,
While God our lives shall spare."

Isn't it pretty? You will learn it, will you not? and when tempted to disobey or be unkind to that dear being who has done so much for you, you will remember those affectionate lines,—

"I never can repay her
For all her tender care;
I'll honor and obey her
While God our lives shall spare."

Remember, children, when you disobey your parents you disobey God. It is his command, "Honor thy father and thy mother." Let me tell you, very kindly, how you may fail to honor your parents without being directly disobedient. When you do anything, *without their knowledge*, that you have reason to think they would disapprove. Have you never been in company with your playmates when some venturesome scheme was proposed, to which you gave your consent, when you *knew*, had your parents been present, they would have regarded it with entire disapprobation. You said to yourself, "Father has never told me I *must n't* do it, so it won't be *disobeying*." But, my little friend, if you had reason to think your actions contrary to your father's wishes, although he had never given any express commands in the matter, you was disobeying your parents,—you was doing that which is in substance *disobedience*.

Again, you are disobedient when you comply with the request of your parents hesitatingly and unwillingly. Such disobedience is little better than a positive refusal to do what is required of you. It is forced; it is an obedience of the hands when the *heart* and the *will* are *rebellious*.

Learn to obey cheerfully and in love; to *anticipate* the wishes of your parents, not waiting to be told. Then when your kind father or your gentle mother leave you to take their last long sleep in the grave, you will not have to grieve over disobedient conduct.

BOOK NOTICES.

CAN A CHRISTIAN FINALLY FALL FROM GRACE? A Dialogue. By the Rev. S. D. AKIN, A. M. Nashville, Tenn.: J. B. M. Ferris, Agent. And for sale by A. H. Bedford, Agent, Louisville, Con. Depository, Louisville, Ky. 1860.

This small volume contains a very good summary of the Scripture texts which believers in the possibility of final apostasy adduce in support of their faith, with a clear exposition of them. The opposite arguments are, we think, fairly stated, though, of course, not so fully carried out as they would be in a work written to support the negative of the question. Those who wish to have at hand a comprehensive view of this subject in a small compass, cannot do better than to purchase Mr. Akin's book.

THE MISSIONARY IN MANY LANDS: A Series of Interesting Sketches of Missionary Life. By

ERWIN HOUSE, A. M. Ten Illustrations. New York: Carlton & Porter.

The history of the struggle of the early missionaries with the powers of darkness in heathen lands is full of the records of patient endurance, of intense suffering, of perseverance in discouraging labors, of heroic daring and thrilling incident, and, most of all, of final and glorious triumphs through grace. To the thoughtful and serious reader, it has an interest surpassing that of romance. To the mere student of human nature, there is more to be learned from it than from all the pages of merely secular history. As a proof of the divinity of the gospel, it is demonstrative. As an illustration of its power, it is inspiring to the Christian faith. Mr. House has seized the most striking facts of this history, and presented them in this volume. He says it was written "with the design of awakening in the minds of the young, particularly, an interest in the missionary cause." We are sure it will do this if it is read; and if intrinsic value, an attractive style, and a really beautiful mechanical execution, have their just influence in the minds of the reading community, *it will be read by many thousands*.

The same publishers have laid upon our table another new book relating to the same great theme, entitled

A MISSIONARY AMONG THE CANNIBALS; OR, the Life of John Hunt. By GEO. STRINGER ROWE.

Mr. Hunt was one of nature's noblemen. Though of humble origin, his genius, when purified and elevated by the grace of God, placed him in a commanding position before his fellow-men. He became a successful preacher,—first among his countrymen, and then among the cannibals of the Fijian Islands. While at the Hoxton Wesleyan Theological Institute, then under the presidency of the late Dr. Bunting, Mr. Hunt came into the enjoyment of perfect love. In the fullness of the blessing he preached to the heathen, and abundant was the fruit given him. We have read this volume with great enlargement of heart. Our faith and love have been increased by it, especially our love for the missionary work. We have given to our readers in this number of the Guide, free quotations from it, by which they may judge somewhat of its character.

THE PERCY FAMILY. Number Three. Paris to Amsterdam. By DANIEL C. EDDY. Boston: Andrew F. Graves, 24 Cornhill. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1860.

We have noticed as they came from the press numbers one and two of this excellent series. We see no reason to abate the favorable opinion we have heretofore given of them. In fact, we think this the most sprightly volume of the three, and equal to the others in fulness of information. They are books for the young, of superior excellence. They are well illustrated, and the mechanical execution generally is beautiful.

ISLE OF WIGHT LETTER.

We copy the following letter from the *Chris. Ad. and Journal*. It is from the ever-interesting pen of Mrs. Palmer, from whom we expect to hear soon more directly.

WE are reminded that our old friends may be interested to hear something from this beautiful island. Its attractions are somewhat far-famed, and during the summer months hundreds of visitors flock to see its beauties, and recreate. At present, the number of visitors is unusually large. Her Majesty has her marine residence here, and generally spends about six weeks of the year at Osborn House, four miles from the place where I now write. She is at present here, hence everything is life and gayety.

The Isle of Wight furnishes some of the most beautiful drives it has been our privilege to enjoy. It has been celebrated as the Garden of England, and is beautifully interspersed with hill and dale.

A few days ago we went to take a look at the queen's residence. The situation is every way eligible for the summer residence of the sovereign of the British Isles. It commands an extensive prospect of naval stations, has a fine sea-beach with a private landing-place, and is sheltered by beautiful woods and plantations. The palace is in the Paladian style. Within the balustrade of its lofty roof is a charming promenade. The flag-tower is 107 feet in height, the clock-tower 90, the first terrace-wall 17, and the second 10 feet. Now that the queen is here, the flag of state is ever gayly flying. The royal apartments command the most uninterrupted views of water and land scenery. The estate is inclosed by a park fence, and through the luxuriant woods and undulating grounds, several miles of private carriage road has been constructed.

Prince Albert is fond of agricultural pursuits. His fine farm-house and large stacks of hay would do credit to any Western farmer. As we were returning from surveying the grounds around the

palace, an outrider in the queen's livery apprised us that we were in the presence of the royal family. We drew a little aside in due form and stopped our carriage. Prince Albert and Princess Alice were riding in an open barouche, and the two younger sons on ponies. A sweet, modest family, despite loyalty! They seemed quite willing to see what we looked like, while we surely felt ourselves more than willing to enjoy such an unrestrained view of persons we had wished to see.

The queen in riding out has repeatedly passed the house where I now write. She lives in the affectionate and prayerful regards of her subjects. Doubtless she is in most respects beautifully exemplary, not only as a sovereign, but in her social and domestic qualities; yet that she should be regarded as experimentally pious, as some suppose, cannot be admitted so long as she sails out in her yacht on Sabbath afternoon, as she does here, or attends the theatre on Saturday evenings as when in London.

We have had frequent opportunities of riding out, and among the various places we have visited specially worthy of note, is the village of Arreton, whose church stands at the foot of the town of that name. The church is of great antiquity. Some of the monumental tablets commemorative of the dead, date hundreds of years back. Not a few of these are very unique. We took a copy of one in a horizontal position, which will be a sample of the style of many others. It reads thus, with the exception of making the orthography more intelligible:—

"Here lies buried, under this grave,
Harry Hawks, his soul God save!
Long time steward of the Isle of Wight,
Have mercy on him, God full of might!"

In the yard of this church lie the remains of one whose name, though not enrolled among earth's nobility, will be imperishable long as time endures. The inscription on the tombstone reads thus:

To
the Memory of
ELIZABETH WALLBRIDGE,
THE DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER,
who died May 30, 1801,
aged 31 years.

"She being dead yet speaketh."

Stranger, if ere by chance or feeling led,
Upon this hallowed turf thy footsteps tread,
Turn from the contemplation of the sod,
And think on her whose spirit rests with God.
Lowly her lot on earth; but he who bore
Tidings of grace and blessings to the poor,
Gave her his truth and faithfulness to prove,
The choicest treasures of his boundless love;
Faith that dispelled affliction's darkest gloom,
Hope that could cheer the passage to the tomb,
Peace that not hell's dark legions could destroy,
And love that filled the soul with heavenly joy.
Death of its sting disarmed, she knew no fear,
But tasted heaven e'en while she lingered here.
O happy saint! may we like thee be blest,—
In life be faithful, and in death find rest.

Three green hillocks, side by side, mark the spot where lie entombed the remains of the humble cottagers whose names have been memorialized in the minds of tens of thousands by the devoted Legh Richmond. Next to the tomb of Elizabeth lie the remains of her sister Hannah, who died a few months previous, with the account of whose burial the interesting tract, "The Dairyman's Daughter" commences. Under a third hillock closely adjoining, and unmarked by a stone, lie interred the venerable dairyman and his wife. The mother did not live long after the death of her daughter Elizabeth, but the good old dairyman survived till the year 1816, not being gathered to his fathers until between eighty and ninety years of age.

After leaving the Arreton Church, we passed along the beautiful road described in Legh Richmond's inimitable tract, by which the remains of the dairyman's daughter were followed with singing as they were being borne from the cottage to the grave. Says Rev. L. Richmond, "We went by several cottages; a respectful attention was universally observed as we passed, and the countenances of many proclaimed their regard for the departed young woman. The singing was regularly

continued, with occasional intervals of about five minutes, during our whole progress."

Along this road we passed. It was beautiful. The air was redolent with sweetness from the many beautiful flowers and the new-mown grass. The Isle of Wight abounds with fine roads, often overarched with the graceful willow or the massive, umbrageous forest-tree. The very birds seemed strangers to fear, and courted our stay as they lingered around us, and all nature seemed simple and loving, yet glorious and grand.

Is it not surprising that the fact should not have been mentioned in the tract that the far-famed Dairyman's Daughter was a Wesleyan? Yet this perhaps was not necessary. She was a Christian, a Bible Christian, apprehending experimentally that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin.

It was this glorious doctrine, as apprehended by the early Christians and the early Methodists, that caused her to exclaim again and again with her latest breath: "Thanks be to God! He giveth the victory. I, even I, am saved. O grace, mercy, and wonder! Blessed Jesus! Precious Saviour! His blood cleanseth from all sin. Lord, receive my spirit. Father, mother, friends, I'm going, but all is well! well! well!"

And thus died this humble believer in the doctrine of full salvation of over half a century since, triumphing over the last enemy, conscious that the sting of death had been taken away, and testifying with her latest breath that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin.

And now a humble band of her brethren and sisters in Jesus bear her to the grave with songs, as was the custom of the Methodists in the days of their simplicity.

Of this the writer of the tract "The Dairyman's Daughter" says: "I cannot describe the state of my own mind as peculiarly connected with this solemn singing. I was reminded of olden times and

ancient piety. I wished the practice more frequent. But I must not linger too long on my way to the cottage." The distance from the cottage is about one and a half miles. It is situated on Hall Common. The relatives of the dairyman's daughter still reside there, who love to talk of her virtues, and who evidently feel themselves honored by the relationship.

The cottage and its surroundings still present the air of neatness and rural sweetness as described by L. Richmond. We talked with a relative of the departed, who seemed to take melancholy pleasure in relating interesting incidents connected with her history. A Bible which bears her name, written with her own hand, one over which she loved to ponder and pray, was handed us. A book is kept in which visitors write their names. By this we saw, that with ourselves, hundreds from various parts of Europe and America had visited the cottage of the dairyman's daughter. On the opposite side of the road stands a neat Wesleyan Chapel.

The brother of Elizabeth died a few years since. He was a Wesleyan local preacher of forty years' standing. An original letter in the dairyman's daughter's own handwriting is before me; it was written to this brother, and by him given to Mrs. Pinhorn, a lady of influence in the Wesleyan society in this place. Elizabeth Wallbridge was awakened and converted through the instrumentality of the Rev. Mr. Crabb, a Wesleyan minister, who was the missionary referred to by L. Richmond. A note from the Wesleyan lady above referred to, received a day or two since, will give some idea of the manner of her awakening under the Rev. Mr. Crabb. It reads thus:—

"My dear Mrs. P.: While Dr. P. and you were urging the duty of friends inviting their friends, I was reminded of the fact that the conversion of the dairyman's daughter resulted, by the divine blessing, on her fellow-servant inviting her one Sabbath to go and hear their missionary

preach that morning." To this invitation Elizabeth gave the following characteristic reply: "Well, I don't care if I do, for I have a new gown and bonnet, and it will be a good opportunity to show them."

Not a very encouraging answer surely. Elizabeth accordingly went. The text that morning was, "Be clothed with humility." It was an arrow of conviction to Elizabeth's heart. On her return home she removed the bows from her bonnet, and from that time was plain and simple in her attire. Who can calculate on the result of that single invitation from that humble fellow-servant? I thought this might serve as an illustration of the importance of saying to others, "Go thou with us, and we will do thee good."

This lady has also placed at my disposal the copy of a letter of the dairyman's daughter to her brother, in which she gives some account of her conversion, through the instrumentality of the Rev. Mr. Crabb, who was stationed at Portsmouth, and included the Isle of Wight as missionary ground. If you think it will interest the readers of the Advocate, I may in a future communication place it at your disposal.

The Isle of Wight is no more a missionary station. We are here by the special invitation of the Wesleyan societies. The island now sustains four Wesleyan ministers, and has a number of efficient local preachers. The special services which have been held since we came have been crowned with the blessing of the Head of the Church. Pentecostal blessings have descended on the disciples of Jesus, as with one accord they have waited for the baptismal flame. During the twenty-seven days since we came to the island, scores have been enabled to rejoice in the reception of the promised endowment of power, and about three hundred newly brought over from the ranks of sin have professed to receive pardon. Halleluiah, the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth! And let all the people say, Amen! P. P.

The following is the latest account of the labors of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, which we extract from a foreign paper received at this office, of the 3d inst.

RYDE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

At the beautiful town of Ryde, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, of America, have been for three weeks conducting a series of revival services in the Wesleyan Chapel, Nelson Street. The crowds drawn on the Sabbath-day have been unable to find accommodation, and immense audiences have gathered together every week-night, Saturday excepted. A mid-day meeting for prayer, for the copious effusion of the Spirit of God, has also been encouragingly attended.

Such an astonishing work of God has never been known in the Isle of Wight. For some years past, the membership of the church in Nelson Street has averaged about 100 persons; but in the short space of three weeks, no less than 190 persons have sought and found "redemption in the blood of Christ, even the forgiveness of sins."

The service of Thursday, August 3, was signalized by an extraordinary manifestation of the power of Christ to save. Before the commencement of the addresses, while Dr. Palmer was giving out the hymn, commencing with—

"Father to thee my soul I lift,
My soul on thee depends,"

two men came and knelt at the communion rail. They continued kneeling for some time, evidently intent on the salvation of their souls. Mrs. Palmer, in her address this evening, spoke with more than ordinary urgency and explicitness on the nature and importance of present holiness, and the necessity of a minute and most careful attention, on the part of believers, to the inworking of the Holy Spirit on this point, inasmuch as it was the will of God, even their sanctification. How the work of the Holy Spirit on the heart of convicted persons might be ascertained and yielded to, both Dr. and Mrs. Palmer illustrated in a very striking man-

ner. At the close of the addresses of these devoted servants of God—the modern Priscilla and Aquila—there was a wonderful and simultaneous yielding to the convictions of the Holy Spirit, on the part of the congregation. Convicted persons came flocking to the communion rail from every part of the chapel, which was in a few moments crowded, and they then began to kneel on the outer side. The two vestries were then opened, and both were soon filled. It seemed, also, as though there were convicted people all over the chapel.

The two men who came forward during the early part of the service were among the first who afterwards hastened to kneel at the altar of prayer. Of those who came, about twenty were made partakers of pardoning mercy, and among the most happy of these were the two men just mentioned. The closing moments of the service were moments of holy triumph as the congregation joined with Dr. Palmer in singing—

"Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,—
By faith they bring it nigh."

Among the interesting cases of conversion was a soldier from Portsmouth, who was so distressed because he had not come forward when an opportunity was given, that he went in great agony of mind to Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, at their lodgings, and there and then, while prayer was offered on his behalf, entered into the possession of the liberty of the sons of God. His sister had been pleading for his conversion during the evening, and, knowing that he must leave in the morning, was distressed that her prayer had not been answered. But when told by him, the next morning before his departure, what the Lord had done for him, after leaving the chapel, her joy was great indeed.

The sister of this soldier having been favored with such marked success in the case of her brother, was induced, the next

day, to undertake another case. It was a young man, whose salvation she had much desired. In the arms of faith and prayer she brought him to the Saviour, as he sat among the hearers in the chapel. She was disappointed when she saw him leave the house of prayer without yielding to the claims of the Son of God. She then prayed that the arrow of conviction might so penetrate his heart, that he might have no sleep during the night. The next evening she had the happiness of seeing him among the seekers of salvation. She told him how she had prayed for him, and had even asked that he might not be able to close his eyes in sleep. "Your prayer was answered," said he, "for I had no sleep during the night." He was now an earnest, humble penitent, and, before the close of the service, found the pearl of great price.

[Original.]

A PRAYER.

BY M. A. W.

With deepest reverence, Lord, we come,
And at thy footstool kneel;
Oh, for the sake of thy dear Son,
Let us thy presence feel.

The slumber from our spirits shake,
And purge away our dross;
Take all our sins for Jesus' sake,
And nail them to the cross.

Into temptation, blessed Lord,
Do thou not lead, we pray,
But guide our every thought and word,
Dear Saviour, lest we stray.

He'p us to guard with earnest care,
The treasure thou hast given;
Keep us from every hurtful snare,
And make us heirs of heaven.

And when the toils of life are o'er,
And we have done with time;
May we upon that blissful shore,
The brightest stars outshine.

May we, with all the blood-washed throng,
Their bliss and triumphs prove;
And sing the never-ending song
Of thy redeeming love.

"THE GRAND DEPOSITUM."

SELECTED BY Y.

"I AM glad brother D—— has more light with regard to full sanctification. This doctrine is the grand depositum which God has lodged with the people called Methodists; and for the sake of propagating this chiefly, he appeared to raise us up. I congratulate you upon setting loose to all below, steadfast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made you free."

WESLEY.

A friend of Mr. Wesley's, an Irish lady, writes: "July 2, 1787.—The Lord keeps me in his hand, as in a strong castle, from all my enemies. Yesterday at meeting, the young women's class, my soul was so drawn out in prayer, I could forever have lain at his feet, — so powerfully was Jesus present. Under the first prayer one of them found that peace of God which passeth all understanding, and which she had been long seeking for. This is another token that I am in my place. The same evening, another of them found peace under Mr. Johnson's prayer. And this day, a third found pardon of her sins."

By this we see the good of soliciting the unconverted to attend class.

"July 14.—My soul was sweetly and powerfully drawn out to seek perfect purity, that I might forever be kept from the least defilement, according to my state; and so full an answer have I received of enjoying it, from the word and nature of God, as fills me with divine comfort.

"His nature is pure, he hates sin, and promises the desire of the righteous shall be granted.

"He has pronounced a blessing on the pure in heart, and upon them that hunger and thirst after righteousness; hence I feel united to him by faith continually, and I know of no inward sin that takes place for a moment. Eternal glory to my Father, my Saviour and my Sanctifier, that bears with my numberless weaknesses,

mistakes, and ignorances, and keeps me by his mighty power, in humble integrity before him at all times, in the midst of temptations.

"Aug. 26.—I still feel that uninterrupted happiness which is the result of peace of conscience, joy in the Holy Ghost, and the love of God shed abroad in my heart. Bless him, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Yesterday I saw and felt such light and sweetness as I cannot describe, from these words: 'A fountain sealed, is my beloved;' so clearly did I feel that my adorable Redeemer keeps me, as if surrounded with walls, locked up and sealed to all but himself.

"June 26, 1789.—This is a memorable day of mercy to me. Reading in the American Magazine, of a woman who was healed by faith in the Redeemer, and having labored some time under a complaint that baffled the power of medicine, I earnestly looked to him in prayer and faith, knowing he could heal me, and, adored be his gracious name! since that time I feel his healing power, — all praise to his sacred name!

"June 28.—Sweet is my sleep, calm and peaceful my waking hours; oh, what are crowns and scepters? Poor insignificant things, compared with thy love, which possesses my soul, and yet I feel a constant longing for more of thy love, my adorable Lord.

"June 30.—I am overwhelmed with a sense of divine goodness and love to my soul and body. The healing of my body, in answer to my feeble faith and prayer last Friday, is now confirmed, and I am filled with joy and praise.

Dec. 15, 1802.—This is my twofold birthday. Seventy years ago was I born into this material world, and forty-five years this day was I born again from above; without this birth it had been better I had never existed, forever blessed be my Redeemer and Sanctifier; I can call him, with peculiar interest, mine.

Faith grows stronger, hope more lively, and all my heart, as far as I know, is *entirely his*. Every imagination is wrought into a sweet captivity to his law, which I cordially love. It is about forty years since I could believe he had sanctified my soul, and since that time, I never could discern that sin had power in my heart. Many weaknesses and imperfections have attended me, but no guilt has separated me from the light of his countenance, since that happy period. I daily come with all my ignorance, and infirmities, to be washed in his atoning blood. On his boundless merits alone, I depend for my acceptance, and I feel my footing is sure."

Extracts from Mrs. Johnson's Life.

[Original.]

A CALL.

BY M. M. J.

THE dealings of God have been as forbearing towards me as mine have been opposed to him. My feet wandered often from Jesus, and turned into many of the by-paths of sin and folly. I neglected the God I ought to have cherished, and put him to an open shame. God has graciously led me by paths I knew not, and shown me the danger and wickedness of my course. This is the reason, my dear reader, I propose to honor God by relating my experience, praying, while I do so, most devoutly, that the Almighty Father may make it like seed scattered from the hand of the sower *on good ground*.

In youth I had strong proofs of the mortality of man and the immortality of the soul. My mind always conceived the existence of a God, but I tried to get rid of the idea of a hell. I felt that God was allwise and omnipresent. I knew he was Alpha and Omega. I loved the thought of life; none ever loved it with a greater passion; but death, Oh, what terror the thought created within me, and how it made me tremble! Was there no way

of avoiding the *king of terrors*? I saw all men were mortal, and I wished to believe myself *the exception*, but reason forbade. Like a poor thing of terror, I flew from side to side as a caged bird, until covered with my own blood. I had none to guide me, for my parents were in the "gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity." In this condition I was often brought by sickness to the very verge of the grave. One time, distinguished above all others, I was afflicted with the intermittent fever. I saw my life-strings gathered up and the sword of vengeance glittering above them; then I trembled and called upon my God most earnestly. He was pleased to avert the stroke. Now I thought to serve God. I learned the Lord's Prayer, and that comprehensive little evening prayer, "*Now I lay me down to sleep,*" etc. For months I repeated this prayer before retiring; nothing could induce me to neglect it. I believe my worship was acceptable, and that I enjoyed religion,—when I say religion, I mean the religion *that saves the soul*. Being a youth of not more than ten years, and travelling alone, I soon wearied; yet I wonder now at my faithfulness; then I endured what would stagger my maturer experience! *I drooped, and almost died*. God called a giddy sister to follow him. She obeyed. I wondered at the time how she could leave all her companions and amusements, for she had a large share of them. Then I thought she had proved their instability, and longed for something more enduring. Her example, influence, and prayers were the means, I believe, of again making me the subject of alarming convictions. I expressed myself as conscious of the *approach of death*, averring my intention to seek the salvation of my soul. *I only intended to do so*. Months passed and I was still unsaved. Special services were opened in my native village; at these I intended to bring my resolutions into practice. But my companion did not

come, how could I go? I dared not speak to him of the matter; he stood by my side, trembling as much as I. Oh, if I had whispered to him, he would have gone! At last, one whose name is inscribed in many hearts in the church militant, and who has joined the church triumphant, passed down the aisle, and, looking at me, he said, "Come to Jesus." I started regardless of my friend, who followed. Four days I sought for pardon, and obtained the "pearl of great price." I could sing in the well-known words, "Oh, happy day that fixed my choice," etc. I felt the peace of God, which passeth understanding, roll over my soul like a river. Darkness gave way, and the glorious light of the gospel of Christ broke upon my long-benighted soul. I often return to *the old church*, and love the spot where I first made my peace with God.

But now comes the sadder part of my experience,—the part which leads me to relate my experience through the Guide, hoping that some vessel, under similar circumstances, may be saved from breaking. I felt called to preach the unsearchable riches of the gospel of Christ. Parents and relatives spoke disdainfully of preachers. I could not endure to cross my parents' wishes. I tried to get rid of these convictions, and determined to study the legal profession. I entered college with that intention. All told me my abilities were suitable, urging that we required more religious youths to prepare for this profession,—*a plausible argument, it is true, but not sufficient here*. I struck out boldly, for I knew this necessary, thinking also to suppress convictions by so doing. To attend class-meeting was to keep awake all my convictions of duty. *I thought to join a church that had no class-meeting, no cross, that I might wipe THEM all away*. I went from church to church, but could not decide which to choose. Often when listening to God's word, proclaimed in earnestness and truth, my

heart would *almost* decide in favor of duty. Oh, how desperately I struggled! But God laughed at my calamity, and mocked when my fear came. He laid his hand upon me, shattered my constitution, and pointed to the *ruin my own hands had caused*. All was gone,—I saw it, and felt it an *insult* to offer God my weak body and depressed intellect. I regretted that I had not followed whithersoever my Saviour called. Yet after all I could not forget God. Oh, how my life rose up to condemn me! I felt my last state worse than the first, and longed for the freedom I had once enjoyed. I attempt not to depict the agony of my bosom; nay, but if ever agony is endured by mortals, it is endured by those who are called as messengers for God, and refuse. One Sabbath morning I took my Bible and started towards the class-room; I had only walked a little distance when I met a friend, who asked me if I ever attended class-meetings. I replied that I used to do so. Then he asked me to go with him to his. I went, and have to-day to bless God for it. I felt the spirit of love break with fresh glory upon me, and then and there determined never to forsake the class-meeting. Ah, surely they are *the advantage of Methodism*. I attend them still; they are a source of joy and encouragement to me. Reader, not having worked according to God's plan, I lost all that makes life dear,—health. Let me entreat you, then, if you have any call from God, to fulfil it, for upon it may be staked all that appertains to you now and in eternity. Be earnest, be candid, for candor is an element of Christianity, and God will fulfil his promises. Stifle not the calls of God. If called, go immediately, or you may drink the bitter dregs of my experience.

"Your future life in worlds unknown
Shall take its hue from this alone,
Whether as heavenly glories bright,
Or dark as misery's woful night."

Canada West.

[Original.]

SOLEMN WARNINGS.

BY ZARENA.

SOME weeks since, in the village of A., N. Y., a lady was thrown from a carriage and taken up insensible; an artery was broken near the brain, and but little hope was entertained of life; but she was unprepared to die,—no hope in Christ had cheered her life,—no Jesus—Saviour—there. Earnest prayer was offered that probation might be lengthened, and promises of more faithfulness to her soul were made. The All-merciful listened and spared her five weeks. She was trepanned, and the severed artery tied together, then reason and consciousness returned.

As I listened to the earnest petitions for one in that dangerous situation, I could but think, why is it we *feel her danger*? Are the crowds of impenitent thronging our streets less liable to accident and death? Oh, *why* are they allowed to pass on to perdition, and no such anxiety manifested for their eternal welfare? No agonizing groans are heard for them, and when they sink into the grave, a shock is felt when we hear the report, but it is soon forgotten, and our prayers and labors are as lifeless as before.

Daily the inquiry passed from lip to lip, "Can Mrs. R. live?" Soon strong hopes were expressed, and in a few weeks, had she recovered and nothing else occurred to startle our villagers, the accident would scarce have been remembered outside of the home circle; but God did not mean the warning to pass thus easily from the minds of the careless; a more startling scene should follow and fasten the sentence, "Ye shall surely die," on these unawakened hearts.

None thought of agonizing for the *soul of J. S.* at this time; to be sure, he was an impenitent man, but how many, if they thought of his existence, remember-

ed he was in danger of death? Then, too, he was in the prime of life, — full of health and vigor, — disease could not easily fasten on him. A large family of interesting children called him father, and affectionate hearts clung to him. He was one of our wealthiest men; he owned a splendid mansion, with its park of grand old trees in front, and the cool fountain playing in the sunlight, formed a romantic playground for those happy children.

And could death select this man with such surroundings, — such influence with our business circles, — such a host of unfinished plans, — such undimmed vigor of mind, and such bodily strength, — could death select such a one? Ah, if the giant strength of his massive *frame* could save him, he had not died yet; many years would he linger till his head was all silvered o'er; but scarce had our citizens ceased to inquire, "Can Mrs. R. live?" ere, in a sudden and terrible manner, J. S. was summoned to meet his God. He passed out of his beautiful mansion, crossed the park, and stood on the railroad track that is laid directly in front of his residence; the express train came rushing on, and though warned of his danger, he seemed bewildered, and did not succeed in stepping off, but was hurled into eternity in an instant. Thrown many feet into the air, he fell a crushed and mangled corpse. After years of exposure and constant crossing this spot, he must at last meet the messenger of death just there! Many times he had resisted the Spirit's strivings, refused the calls and offers of mercy, and, oh, where is his wretched soul? Are there not *thousands* as careless and as liable to die in their sins? How often warnings come thus close together! God knows the proneness of vain mortals to *forget* these calls, and as if to make it impossible for thoughtless men to lose the impression, he brings at times, in quick succession, these awful judgments.

Still they rush madly on to the black pit of eternal despair! What *can* we do to save souls? Has not each child of God *some* mission to perform? How my soul longs for the work of God to prosper. Can I not do *something*? But as I long to be wholly and constantly engaged in the work of soul-saving, do I *now* do with my might what my hands find to do? In a few days we must lay aside our weapons and go home. God grant we may work while the day lasts, for soon the night cometh wherein no man *can* work. Oh, may the blood of souls not be found in our skirts! If we had *accidentally* caused death to a fellow-being, — what remorse would cling to us; but oh, to be the cause of *eternal* death to a being or beings! If anything could make a Christian unhappy in heaven, it would not be the thought that souls were justly punished, for there we shall sympathize with Jesus in their condemnation, even though once our dearest friends; but it would be the thought of some soul in despair that would have shared our happy home had we been faithful, or not so thoughtlessly negligent. Can a *Christian* be carelessly indifferent? Oh, let us "acknowledge him in *all* our ways," that he may "direct our paths," direct each path of duty as we near it. Let us trust him to *enable* us to do *all* things to his glory; to *discharge every* duty to the perishing around us. Yes, let us lean upon him in our weakness, for without *his* strength we can do nothing. (John xv. 5.) No cross can we bear of *ourselves*. What *perfect* weakness we are. Even while sorrowing over the helpless, hopeless condition of the impenitent, we are unwilling to do *our* work except he bestows a *willing heart*. Blessed be his name, "he will make us willing in the day of his power." Is not the "day of his power" the day when *we yield completely* to his control with full, entire trust for all the grace we need?

Amsterdam, N. Y., Sept. 1860.

[Original.]

EPISTOLATORY ILLUSTRATION
OF CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

BY DORA.

MY DEAR SISTER: There is another failing, one more easily besetting sin, of which I would speak, and then close this series of letters. It is this,—*an impatience of spirit towards the faults and errors of others.*

We are prone to be hasty,—ofttimes to censure our brethren and sisters for their deviation from the strict path of rectitude. Forgetful of our own infirmities, our own deficiencies, we regard with impatience the errors of others. With a beam projecting from our own eye, we would fain extract the mote from our brother's eye.

I believe it to be true that those who have had the most clear discovery of their own nature,—the corruption of their own heart,—are the most ready to offer an excuse for an erring brother or sister. Oppressed with a sense of their own weakness, their own shortcomings, their own struggles to overcome selfish nature, and repel temptation, they are prepared to sympathize with others in their failures,—in their struggles.

As they kneel at the mercy-seat, scarcely daring to look heavenward, so weighed down in spirit with a consciousness of imperfections, of shortcomings, how sweetly does the whisper of the angel of the covenant fall upon the heart, bringing to remembrance the words of holy writ, "*Who can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities.*"

How faith now wings her way to heaven, and rests on the bosom of that "advocate with the Father." Once he was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." He was a man of "like passions with us." He *suffered*, being *tempted*; he *hungered*, he *thirsted*, he was *weary*, he was *sad*, he was *persecuted*; *forsaken*, *betrayed*; and all this that he might become a merciful and compassionate high

priest,—that he might be touched with the very *feeling* of our infirmities. We remember how very patiently he bore with the errors of his disciples,—with what compassionate sympathy he addressed the woman brought before him, for whom her accusers clamored for accusation.

We remember a Peter, who with oaths denied his Lord, but who was by him forgiven. We are cheered by the thought that he *merited* the accusation brought against him by self-righteous Pharisees, viz: "*This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them.*" What though there were apparently no tokens of love,—no sweet manifestations of sympathy towards those hypocritical Scribes and Pharisees, who, wrapped up in a garment of their own righteousness, deemed themselves perfectly whole, and in no need of a physician? What though his withering rebukes and denunciations fell harshly upon their ears? Towards the erring ones, "the lost sheep of the house of Israel," and the despised Gentile, his arms of love were opened wide, for them he had words of kindness, and a large place in his heart of love. Hear him as he teaches his disciples a lesson on forgiveness. He limits it not to a transgression seven times repeated, but until *seventy times seven!*

Well might the disciples ask, "Lord, increase our faith!" Long time has he borne with transgressions; oft-repeated have been the pardons received; and shall we condemn an erring brother and sister for an occasional fault?

What saith an inspired apostle? "Charity shall cover a *multitude* of sins." Notice also the advice given in respect to the faults of our brethren: "If a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted." Spiritual ones are required to *restore*, not *condemn*,—not *crush*,—not *injure*; and they are to do it in *meek-*

ness, not overbearingly, not upbraidingly, but mildly, gently, in humility, considering that they also are liable to be tempted and ensnared; and they ought to exercise the same spirit toward their erring brother that they would like to have exercised toward themselves. Oh, how many who might have been recalled to the path of virtue,—who might have been reclaimed from their sin by meekness and love, have been driven farther from God and his church by a denunciatory spirit and harsh dealing.

The exercise of a compassionate spirit, the winning words of love,—the fair and honorable dealing with the transgressor, accomplish more towards their rescue, than the severe denunciation,—the telling abroad the fault,—the look of scorn, and the cold shoulder. Ofttimes there appears at first view, to outward observation, a deviation, when, if the matter were fully examined,—if all the motives and causes could be ascertained, there might be less cause for censure, and perhaps none at all.

In some cases, disease induces a restlessness of spirit, an irritability of the nervous system, which exhibits itself in petulancy; little things irritate; sometimes pain in the head distracts the mind, a morbid state of the liver produces melancholy, listlessness, etc. These are too lightly regarded by those unqualified to sympathize; and many a devoted Christian, whose whole soul is in the work of God, whose will is in harmony with God's will, is the subject of censure, when "pity ought to be shown for his friend." From the infirmities induced by a diseased body, there is no salvation provided in the gospel,—the resurrection to immortality alone can effect a cure, unless there be first a removal of disease; therefore, such infirmities ought not to be classed with other sins.

"*Forbearing one another in love.*" How important this demand, and how blessed its results if obeyed. To meekly bear

the coldness, the condemnation of others, for those errors or imperfections which are not the fruit of an unsanctified nature, but of a diseased body, requires the exercise of much patience and Christian forbearance. Sweet is the thought, *Jesus knows all about us.* Our Father in heaven pities us, for he knoweth our frame,—he remembereth that we are dust. Prayer should be our solace. Submission to these painful trials ought ever to be exercised. Everything will be adjusted and made right at the judgment.

May God bestow upon us that grace which shall wholly sanctify our natures; impart to us holy principles; give us the spirit of forgiveness toward our enemies; patience with the infirmities of others; victory over every temptation, and bring us safely to the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

[Original.]

GIVE ME A SAVIOUR'S SMILE.

BY M. A. H.

GIVE me a Saviour's loving smile,
While toss'd on life's uneven sea;
'Tis all of earthly bliss I ask, —
A loving Saviour's sympathy;
Clouds may be dark, while billows roll,
But still, 'tis sunshine in the soul.

Give me a Saviour's loving smile;
When weary and oppressed with care,
It doth a healing balm impart,
To feel that Jesus still doth share,
Our every sorrow, pain, and grief,
And kindly grant such sweet relief.

Give me a Saviour's loving smile,
There's naught hath half the charms as this;
It changes sorrow into joy,
Imparts new life and happiness;
'Tis this which makes the bliss of heaven,
The purest joys to mortals given.

Give me a Saviour's loving smile,
More precious far than earthly gems,
Or all the wealth which India boasts,
Yea, earth's most costly diadems.
'Tis antidote for earthly woe,
To enjoy a Saviour's smile below.

North Bloomfield, O., June 15.

THE DUTY OF PERSONAL EFFORT FOR THE SALVATION OF SOULS.

BY REV. D. WISE.

THE primary question to be settled is that of DUTY. Are we, or are we not under *obligations* to make particular efforts with individuals for their salvation? The answer to this question is so clearly in the affirmative, that its decision by argument or proof seems at first sight a needless work. But do Christians *feel* it to be a duty? Do they not rather consider it a matter they may attend to or not, as suits their feelings or convenience? Have they the same sense of *duty* upon it as upon the subject of prayer, keeping the Sabbath, or paying their debts? Alas! their practice demonstrates their indifference to its claims; for where are the Christians who labor faithfully for souls? Look around you, fellow-professor, and inquire who are engaged in this work. Where are the faithful personal-effort men and women? And what says your own heart upon the matter? Has it not hitherto excused you, and left you to a state of indifference upon the whole question? Fatal indifference to you and to the church! and never will either awake until both feel as much bound to practise personal effort, *as to pray!*

The great principle involved in this Christian duty runs like a vein of ore throughout the Old Testament,—the book of lesser glory. There, nothing is more frequently taught, than that God expected his people to be his *agents*, individually as well as collectively, in the accomplishment of his purposes. And this is the *principle* of the doctrine of personal effort. It is God's purpose to offer Christ to the world, and it is every Christian's duty to be God's *agent* in the execution of this benevolent purpose. And surely it may be safely inferred, that, if the lesser dispensation required this *agency*, the greater does not dispense with it; for

who pretends that Jehovah works less with human aid under this dispensation than under the former?

The principle, and the severity of the Deity in exacting it, are clearly discoverable in the following fearful passage.

Judges v. 23. "Curse ye Meroz, saith the angel of the Lord, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof, because they came not up to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

Curse ye Meroz! CURSE BITTERLY! Why this horrible malediction? What had Meroz done? Meroz had refused to be God's agent in executing his purpose! Her inhabitants had *withheld* their aid,—had refused to lend positive assistance. They had not *hindered*; they did not join God's enemies: they threw no obstacles in the way of those who did help; and yet says Jehovah, *Curse them!* *CURSE BITTERLY!* Why? we ask again. "*They came not up to the help of the Lord,*" is the alarming reply of the Holy Ghost. Is not this horrific anathema enough to stir up your soul, faithless reader? Here you recognize your own offence; for when did you go up to the help of the Lord? What have *you* done for sinners? Oh, beware, for God is immutable, and will punish the like offence with a corresponding curse; only more fearful in proportion to your advantages over guilty, accursed Meroz.

But we turn to the instructions of the New Testament; and inquire of our dear Redeemer whether it be his will that we make personal efforts to save souls.

Matt. xxii. 39. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Here note, 1. The extent of this love,—thy *neighbor*; that is, every human being within the reach of your influence. Christ has given this latitude to the word *neighbor* in his parable of the good Samaritan. 2. The *degree* of this love is placed very high,—as *thyself*. 3. It speaks of individual affection,—*thou* shalt love *thy neighbor*; not *ye*, generally, but *thou*, par-

ticularly, shalt love, not thy *neighbors*, as an undistinguished whole, but thy *neighbor*,—thy *individual neighbor*.

Can it be possible that this broad, expressive command does not require special action in behalf of the *soul* of your neighbor? All admit that it most unequivocally demands effort for the relief of physical suffering. Should a family in your vicinage be destitute of bread; should iron-souled want seize and bear them to the borders of a miserable death; and should you, knowing their necessity, pass them unnoticed and unrelieved, and they perish with hunger and cold,—the moral sense of the whole community would pronounce you a murderer, and universal condemnation and scorn would fall, withering, as an early frost, upon your head. The reason is plain. Everybody perceives that Christian morality, as taught in this great precept, required you to make efforts for the relief of the sufferers.

But if, in *such* a case, personal effort is obviously demanded, how can we escape the conclusion that it is equally, yea, more strongly, called for in behalf of the undying soul? It exists, close to our very doors, in a state the most ruinous and deplorable that human thought can imagine. It is mortally and grievously diseased,—an awful cloud, fully charged with divine anger, hangs impending above it,—time, swift-winged and sure, is hurrying it to its fixed and final state,—a terrible and unending hell yawns, a fearful deep, before it, and it is on the point of dropping into the quenchless fires of perdition, while we possess a power that *may* effect its rescue. Can this command, while it urges us to relieve the physical sufferer, allow us to pass such a wretch without an effort for his relief? Does *he* love his neighbor as himself, who stands tamely and listlessly by while he drops into hell? Perish the mere thought; he does not, cannot love him at all, much less as himself. No man can *pretend* to keep this command without making, at least, an occasional effort to

save such a perishing neighbor. Yet, fellow-professor, multitudes drop into hell around you daily; you see them, you know their danger, and you make no effort to save them. Do *you*, then, keep this command? You do not. What then? Why, you are a sinner, and, as such, need repentance and pardon, as much as the worldly man who lives beside you.

The parable of the buried talent (Matt. xxv. 14–30) furnishes another proof of the obligatory nature of this work.

If the reader will turn to this parable, he will find it to contain this solemn truth; that it is a sin *not to use* our individual gifts for God. No other offence is charged upon the owner of the talent. He did not waste, give away, or destroy it. He *kept* it; but it was in a napkin, and buried in the earth. For this offence,—yes, for *not using* his talent,—he is doomed to lose it; to be cast into outer darkness, to weeping and gnashing of teeth.

In relating this parable, the Saviour said the kingdom is *like it*; that is, *our* duties and *God's* requirements, under the gospel economy, are similar to those of the king and his servants in that parable. How plainly, then, does it require a personal use of our talents! How fearfully it teaches the consequence of neglecting their use! We need not waste, destroy, or give away our talents to insure our destruction,—TO NEGLECT THEM IS SUFFICIENT. And what can *talents* mean, unless they represent the power we *all* possess, in various degrees, of doing good to men's souls? Fellow-professor, read that parable, and tremble, and beware!

Many other declarations and precepts of the Saviour might be adduced in proof of our point, would our limits permit; but one more must suffice.

Matt. v. 13. "Ye are the salt of the earth."

These words are full and to the point. Christ, speaking in a strong figure, calls his disciples *salt*,—the SALT OF THE EARTH. He means, that they are to the

earth what salt is to meat,—the agent of its preservation from destruction.

This every Christian is bound to be. He may not choose to be salt or otherwise, as he may please. He is bound to be as salt to the world. But how is salt effectual to the preservation of meat? Not by keeping it in large masses at a distance from the meat, but by bringing the *particles* of the salt into contact with it. So each particle of the world's moral salt—each individual Christian—must come into personal contact with the beings to be preserved. He must exert a *direct*, saving influence over his perishing neighbor, or he cannot be as salt to the earth, and, consequently, not a genuine disciple; for Christ says to all his real followers, "Ye ARE the salt of the earth."

We have thus shown you, fellow-Christian, your duty, from the testimony of God. You cannot avoid the truth, that you are *bound* to labor with your own tongue and person for human salvation. And *all*—whether old or young, rich or poor, learned or illiterate—are bound to do this. No one can be excused here. He who excuses himself is an offender; and God will deal with him as with the faithless servant who buried his talent. No excuse can be sufficient. No; not even the plausible one of paucity of talent. "But," says a weak disciple, "I have *no* talent." Friend, you do not speak the truth. You *have* talent! You buy, you sell, you get gain, you persuade your friends to change their purposes. Thus you demonstrate that you possess talent enough to *move mind*. If you can do this for yourself, you can for God; especially as you will have his help in the work. Be faithful, and say if the fault is not more in the *will* than in the talents God has given you.

But tell me, child of one talent, why did Christ represent the servant with the *one* talent as the unprofitable one? Why not him with the ten talents? Was there no design, think you, in this? There

was. He meant to show that the plea of small talent is unavailable; that the neglect of one talent, or a hundred, is alike an offence to be punished with severity. The reason is plain; for HE WHO WILL NOT BE FAITHFUL WITH ONE TALENT WOULD NOT BE WITH A HUNDRED TALENTS. He lacks the faithful HEART.

Away, then, with your groundless plea. Up! up! for Christ's sake, up! and begin to do your duty. Waste not a moment more. Souls drop into hell while you frame excuses! Oh, peril not their souls and your own too; but resolve, even now, to perform your duty.

[New York Correspondence.]

CAMP-MEETINGS.

MANY of these from which we have heard have been signalized by the power of God.

That held at Sing Sing early in August, was said to be one of uncommon blessing,—upwards of one hundred sinners were converted, and many were wholly sanctified,—ministers and people. One has said there was no need of any person to keep order, for all were orderly and proper among the thousands there congregated. The sermons were clear and pointed,—one on the transfiguration was thought to have excelled all the rest in power. We give an extract from a private letter, dated "St. Albans, Sept. 3, 1860. Last week, at Schuyler Falls, we enjoyed a glorious camp-meeting. Many sinners were converted, and many dear children of God were wholly sanctified, and many realized the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Brother B., his brother, with brother I., arrived at the meeting on Tuesday evening. Rev. brother H. B. said he had brought his brother to the meeting, hoping he might find the Lord Jesus Christ, as a *full* Saviour. He was not disappointed in his hopes; that dear brother, with all his ministerial dignity, was found again and again at the bench

—rather 'plank,' among the penitents—being perfectly willing to humble himself in any way, that he might be blessed.

"The Holy Spirit so revealed Christ to him, that he was enabled to rejoice in him as a Saviour, from all sin. Brother I. was so filled with the blessed Spirit that he stood before the stand, and shouted, Glory! Glory! Glory! for a long time, and then fell on the ground, and laid there some time. A holy atmosphere pervaded the encampment.

"Brother H. B. was very joyful, took the best possible care of brother I., but says he thought brother I. was very susceptible to irrational influences, and was a little skeptical about its all being attributive to the power of the Holy Ghost. Brother B. labored incessantly through the meeting. On Sabbath morning, at St. Albans, during family prayer, or while singing, he was almost overwhelmed with divine power. We went to the love-feast at nine o'clock, and left him at home, to prepare to preach at ten.

"He was late coming to the church,—I saw he looked as if he was almost overpowered,—the pastor read the first hymn. Brother B. read 116th Psalm,—reading with much emphasis and comment,—he then kneeled to pray,—was very, very fervent,—when in a most awfully solemn manner he was pleading pardon for himself and others, he seemed overwhelmed with a sense of the forbearance and love of God,—he ceased speaking,—I looked up, his head was falling, and heavily he fell on the open platform, where the desk stood,—just then my heart said, 'O, Lord, the work is thine. Thou wilt care for thine own cause.'

The house was crowded with Congregationalists and Episcopalians—there being no service in either church. 'Thou canst strengthen that feeble body that he may deliver thy message.' Soon he rose, and finished his prayer. After singing again, he read Jer. xiii. 15, 16. 'Hear ye, and give ear, be not proud, for the

Lord hath spoken. Give glory to the Lord your God, before he cause darkness, and before your feet stumble upon the dark mountains, and while ye look for light, he turn it into the shadow of death, and make it gross darkness!' Such a sermon! I could only think of Stephen, and Barnabas, being full of the Holy Ghost. The truth, the awful truth, was spoken with such power.

"*'Be not proud,'* for the Lord hath spoken. O how—with what awful power he made it appear that God, the *'Great I am,'* will cause darkness,—stumbling,—the shadow of death,—gross darkness to come upon that soul which refuses to 'give glory to God.'

"And, oh how movingly he used the seventeenth verse,—there was weeping all through the house. Dearest H. pray that *our* feet may *never* 'stumble upon the dark mountains.' It reminded me of brother Hartwell's illustration in Norfolk Street.

"At four P. M. brother B. was to preach again. He opened the service with singing, and reading the third of Malachi, most solemnly commenting on many verses, especially, 'Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse,' also on, 'Ye have said it is vain to serve God,' &c. While singing the hymn, I saw he was agitated; when it was closed, he did not rise for some minutes; then he hesitatingly said, 'I expected to preach, but cannot. I believe there are those here who should make confessions this afternoon.' He then talked most affectionately to backsliders for nearly an hour. After which we had a prayer-meeting, when brother B., in a loud voice, giving glory to the Holy Ghost, was again almost overpowered. Again this morning, while the family were singing a joyous hymn, his physical strength gave way. Unless the Lord strengthens his body or withholds his Spirit's manifestations, I know not how he will stand the camp-meeting which we expect to attend next week."

Brother B. is a congregational minister who has enjoyed the blessing of a clean heart for some years. Why may we not expect such manifestations of the Holy Spirit as are common in other lands?

[Original.]

GLORIES OF THE BETTER LAND.

BY MRS. L. DAYTON BENHAM.

JESUS, I now in thee confide,
My all to thee resign;
Content, if thou with me abide,
And I can call thee mine.

Thou art my *Saviour* and my friend,
My glory and my joy;
In thee I trust, on thee depend
For bliss without alloy.

Thou art to me the light, the way,
That leads to realms above;
The star which guides to endless day,
Where all is perfect love.

No sin or sorrow, pain or death,
Can ever enter there;
No adverse winds or pois'nous breath
Infect that holy air.

There all is peace and equity,
And unity prevails;
There all is perfect purity,
And Christ his face unveils.

No candle ever shineth there,
Or moonbeams play around;
The sun, so splendid here, and fair,
In glory is not found.

The Lord himself doth light the place,
With far more brilliant light
Than ever shone on nature's face,
Or dazzled mortal sight.

A river pure, like crystal clear,
Flows free in Paradise;
The tree of life is planted here,
Whence flowers and fruits arise.

Those shining streets, all paved with gold,
By faith, O Lord, I see;
Those pearly gates with joy behold,
And view the glassy sea.

O happy place! O blest abode!
Where all their trophies bring
To Jesus, Saviour, Lamb of God,
And loud his praises sing.

Clarksville, Ark., March, 1860.

HOLINESS IN DEATH.

"Whether we die, we die unto the Lord."—Rom. xiv. 8.

THE life of man, although one unbroken whole, from the hour of birth to the unending ages of eternity, may be appropriately viewed as divisible into two great departments,—life here, and life hereafter; life embodied on earth, and life disembodied above. The former period is immeasurably shorter than the latter, — a mere point in comparison with a limitless line; but it is unspeakably important, as the sowing-time on which depends the nature of that harvest which men shall be reaping forever, but shall never fully gather in.

Yet, inasmuch as the hour of transition from time to eternity is thrillingly momentous, and shall never be blotted out from the memory of the soul, it may be noted as a distinct stage of human existence. Young, in his "Night Thoughts," adopted a very good division,—“Life, Death, and Immortality.”

The inspired apostle indorses this estimate of the importance of death, by assigning to it, in the text quoted above, one entire branch of an exhaustive alternative,—“For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's.” Hence we may conclude that if a man live well and die well, he answers the chief end of his being, and is bound for endless bliss. I have endeavored to show how holiness of heart is exemplified in life. It only remains to show how it is exemplified in death.

Strictly speaking, death is but a part of life. When the swift-careering train rushes into the Cimmerian darkness of the tunnel, it still pursues its destined way. The travellers may feel uncomfortable, and may wish to see the light of day again; but they are still journeying, and will very soon reach the city of their habitation. Some of them may expe-

rience no uneasiness, but reading the interesting volume by the aid of the mid-night lamp, may actually not have known that they were passing through a subterranean cavity. So death is but a portion of life's journey. The valley may be very dark; the traveller may be uncomfortable and distressed; but he will soon be at home, and the time is not lost. Every pulse he tells, — every tick of the clock, marks his onward progress to endless immortality. Indeed, some pilgrims are so cheered by the bright shining of the lamp of faith that they hardly know the valley to be dark. And what is the act of dying? To return to our figure: The tunnel has been passed; the traveller leaves the train and enters into the city "which hath foundations," and in which he shall forevermore abide. Such to the Christian is death, — no annihilation, — no destruction, — but the entrance upon heaven's eternal life.

"Mortals say, 'A man is dead;'
Angels sing, 'A child is born.'"

Still, death deserves separate and special consideration, because it involves a solemn change of the sphere and mode of existence, and because it is attended with sharp pains, peculiar temptations, and numerous anxieties.

The arrival of severe sickness is a sore trial of the sanctified man's patience and faith. Under temporal loss, domestic bereavement, and divers other afflictions, he may have manfully maintained the integrity of his Christian consistency; but before the sharp pangs of some acute malady his patience threatens to flee, and, before the lowering prospects of his young family, his faith begins utterly to fail.

But "God giveth more grace." His heavenly storehouse contains supplies of grace for dying, as well as for living. He so strengthens them that trust in him, that even when the furnace is heated "seven times," they are enabled to exclaim, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

It frequently happens that when God's people have been overtaken by protracted sickness, as week after week passes away, and recovery arrives not, they become impatient, and mourn that they are of no use in the world. They are of use. They occupy the very position which God intended them to occupy. They are called to glorify God in their sickness, as other men are called to glorify God in their health. I have heard of a minister, laid aside from public labor by prolonged sickness, who complained sadly to a brother minister who had come to preach for him, that he was of no use now, and was but a burthen on the face of the earth. "You are much mistaken," said the God-taught comforter; "your heavenly Father intends that your sick-bed shall be your pulpit for a while. You preached by your eloquence before; you are to preach by your patience now. And, brother, you may commend the gospel much more powerfully to your people and neighbors by your uniform patience and meek resignation, than ever you could do by the eloquence of your words." A gleam of heavenly light broke forth from the cloud of trouble, and irradiated both the soul and the countenance of the desponding invalid. "A word spoken in due season, how good is it?" Let us ever bear in mind that we may as truly glorify God by the patient endurance of suffering as by the zealous discharge of duty.

GOD IS LOVE.

I CANNOT always trace the way
Where thou, Almighty One, dost move,
But I can always, always say,
That God is love.

When fear her chilling mantle flings
O'er earth, my soul to heaven above,
As to her native home, upsprings;
For God is love.

When mystery clouds my darkened path,
I'll check my dread, my doubts remove;
In this, my soul sweet comfort hath,
That God is love.

COMMUNION SABBATH.

BY J. B. WATERBURY.

IF to the Christian mind, the ordinary Sabbath brings with it a soothing and refreshing influence, how the interest deepens, when the season of holy communion at the Lord's table arrives! Then is prepared a more than common repast. The King of Zion spreads his feast of love and mercy, and sends forth the invitation to every humble guest, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk, without money and without price."

There is nothing so much like heaven as the Communion Sabbath. Not only does it shadow forth the "rest that remaineth," but it strikingly typifies one of the celestial employments of the redeemed; viz. that act of holy fellowship represented in the vision of St. John under the figure of the "marriage supper of the Lamb." Christians on this occasion come together to acknowledge their obligations to Jesus their common head,—to obey his dying command,—to sit as it were at his feet,—to eat and drink the memorials of his dying love. Something visible and tangible is here given to assist their weak faith, and to awaken their holy affections. On other occasions the mind may be called to exercise a more rigidly abstract faith,—to contemplate truth in its naked severity and simplicity; but here abstractions give place to something more like substance; and the soul is called to contemplate the love of a divine Redeemer, manifested by visible symbols, appealing through the senses to the heart.

What Christian can listen to the announcement of such a privilege, and not feel at once the solemnity of the call? Is there not something which seems to say, "Prepare to meet thy God?" Do we not in an instant begin to look at our responsible position as members of the church of Christ? The voice of the Bride-

groom is heard in this invitation; and something seems to say, "Go ye out to meet him." The soul begins to unloose its earthly burdens,—to turn off its attention from topics of transient interest, and to cast a glance towards Calvary. The wedding garment is thought of; and the anxiety begins to be felt for spiritual preparation; and, indeed, such preparation is all-important.

"Soul, for the marriage feast,
Robe and prepare;
Holiness becomes each guest,
Jesus is there."

But we will suppose the day to have arrived. Dawns there upon earth a brighter morning, or one more calm and soothing, than that which ushers in the Communion Sabbath? If the soul has been where duty has called it; if it has sat in judgment on itself,—tested its claims to a participation of the feast,—humbled itself for past sins,—divested itself, by the help of divine grace, of earthly cares,—gone down into the valley of humility, and, as Bunyan says, kissed the lowly flowers there; if it has caught a view by faith of Jesus, and felt some new impulses of love and gratitude,—oh, then, the early dawn of this day will seem like the first faint rays of heaven. Has it not often so appeared to the humble believer? Has he not felt as if he was almost on the threshold of a blissful eternity?

The hour arrives when with kindred minds he surrounds the precious board, and thinks only of him "who loved us and gave himself to die for us." That deep solemnity, amid which the voice of God's servant is heard speaking of Jesus and his matchless love; that broken bread,—oh, touching emblem of the broken, body! the tear of penitence, gathering in many an eye; the breathing petitions, which, though mere aspirations of the soul, may almost be heard amid the silence; the promised, yea, realized presence of the Master, the heart carried to Calvary, to bleed with its bleeding Lord,—all de-

clare, that this is the very "gate of heaven."

So important a season for spiritual communion seems to demand a few additional remarks, with a view to assist the communicant in a practical improvement of it.

One point of great importance undoubtedly is, to understand the nature and design of the Supper.

It was instituted by our Saviour on that night in which he was betrayed. The darkest hour is at hand. The tremendous crisis comes, when to all his other sufferings must be added the hidings of the Father's face, and this too amid the death-pangs of the cross. But Godlike in benevolence, he seems to lose sight of his own sorrows, in pity for his dejected followers; and he turns to comfort them, when all consolation, save that of submission, is leaving his own bosom. He desires to eat the passover with them before he suffers. Wonderful coincidence! The typical Lamb is in close proximity to Calvary's victim. The shadow and the substance are almost conjoined. There on the table lies the type; and there at the table is the typified. The wrath of God that fell on Egypt, fell not where the mark of innocent blood was seen; and the wrath that shall fall on the unbelieving, will touch no soul that bears the mark of "rich atoning blood." In the place of the passover, then, comes the sacred supper, and, instead of looking back to Egypt, we are required to look back to Calvary. Hence by a very natural transition, our Lord changed this typical and Jewish into a symbolical and Christian feast. He puts the bread and the cup in place of the Lamb and the bitter herbs; and says, breaking the bread, "This is my body, which is broken for you," and "This cup is the New Testament in my blood, which is shed for many, for the remission of sins." By these expressions, our Saviour presents the idea of his death as a vicarious, i. e. substituted offering for sin. The bread is the body, or to repre-

sent the body of Jesus broken for us; and the wine is to represent his blood shed for our remission. This is in accordance with Isaiah, who says, "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities." And again, "The Lord hath laid upon *him* the iniquity of us all." Any view, therefore, of this ordinance which does not include, nay even make *prominent* the fact, that Jesus our Saviour died as a delegated victim,—a voluntary offering for sin,—does not coincide with Scripture, nor apprehend the nature and design of the Supper.

The communicant who understands the subject considers himself as the guilty,—the condemned,—the lost. Die he must eternally, if dealt with according to his sins. But when he approaches the table, he sees in those symbols that which affords grounds of hope. His faith seizes on "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." Here the innocent suffers, and the guilty is pardoned. Jesus takes the sinner's place, and by sufferings voluntarily borne for him, procures his forgiveness and secures his final preparation for heaven.

The sacrament of the Supper is designed to keep in view this grand truth of the atonement. It speaks not only of Jesus, but of Jesus the sufferer. It points not only to his broken body and shed blood, but to the fact that by these he purchased our redemption. Away with the notion, then, that he was only a martyr to the truth! Every time this table is spread, it speaks a refutation of that icy creed, which first plucks from our Emmanuel the crown of divinity, and makes his blood of no more value, as a sin-offering, than that of the brute beast which had so long typified its saving virtue.

This ordinance was instituted also as a perpetual memorial of our Lord.

It was intended to bring his character and mediatorial work frequently before the mind, in order to keep alive within

us a sense of obligation, and to impel us forward in the path to heaven. "This do," said Jesus, "in remembrance of me." What wisdom and compassion are here! The Saviour provides through all future time this precious antidote to the lingering infirmities of his followers. Alas that we should ever forget, or even seem to forget that dying love! Yet amid the pressure of earthly cares, and the ever-present allurements of the world, our deceitful hearts are prone to lose sight of the cross. A thousand objects intervene between us and our Saviour. We seem to want some strong sensible ligature to bind our affections to Calvary; or if for a season we are driven down the current of this world's affairs, we need a counter-current or some favoring breeze to set us back again to the port of peace. Here we have it. In this sweet memorial we have what is all-important in keeping us closely united to Jesus, or if we have grown cold in his service, the blessed communion awakens our affections and kindles up our flagging zeal.

Disciple of Jesus, art thou now anticipating an approach to the table, and asking how thou shalt dispose thy thoughts most appropriately, and on what thou shalt principally fix the attention? The reply, "Do this in remembrance of me." Turn thine eyes towards Calvary. Go, in thought, to the garden of agony. Draw nearer even than the three slumbering disciples. Advance to the blood-bedewed spot where lies the sufferer. Behold the cup which he drinks. Oh, it is a more bitter draught than ever touched the mortal lip. His tears, his groans, his sorrow "even unto death," tell us through what he is passing for our redemption. The command of Jesus is, "Let us rise and go hence." But where shall we go? Alas, from one deep scene of woe, to another still deeper. We must see our Saviour bound and dragged by a ruthless band to the bar of Pilate. We must witness the insult, the mockery, the ruffian blows, the

scourging, the crown of thorns, the purple robe. Meek Lamb of God, was there "ever sorrow like unto thine?" But the cross! This is the climax; and his murderers are not satisfied until they see him writhing upon it in the agonies of death. Oh that awful hour of darkness and desolation! But there is a little band who cling to him even here. They press through the rude soldiery to catch his last look and to hear his last cry. Let us mingle with them to share their sorrows and their love. Equally interested are *we* in that scene of suffering. That precious blood flows for *us*, no less than for *them*. Those dying words "It is finished," speak of a redemption in which all Christ's followers are included.

Such are some of the thoughts which would naturally be suggested on this deeply solemn occasion. They are thoughts which the believer loves to cherish, and which have a tendency to impress him with the odiousness of sin, and the compassion of Jesus in expiating it.

Let the communicant, then, investigate his claim to a place at this table; since, "not every one that saith, Lord, Lord;" nor every one who "eateth and drinketh in his presence, shall enter into the kingdom of God." Examine thyself, invited guest. Inquire if all sin is hated and resisted, — especially as having caused the death of God's dear Son; if holiness is thy great aim; if thy happiness is found not in the world, but in God; if the duties of devotion are not a burden but a pleasure; if you love the brethren, and those most who are most like Christ; if you are penitent; if the presence of sin, even in *thought*, is painful; if, with a deep conviction of your own entire sinfulness, you cast away all dependence on your own works, and trust for salvation *alone* on Christ and him crucified: if Jesus is precious; precious in his character; precious in his promises; *so* precious, that you can heartily forsake all to follow him?

If to these inquiries you can humbly

reply in the affirmative, you are a welcome guest, whatever your own fears or Satan may suggest to the contrary. Yes, you *are* a welcome guest; and after having communed with your Lord on earth, you shall be admitted to the marriage supper of the Lamb in heaven.

[Original.]

LETTER TO AN ANTINOMIAN
FRIEND.—No. 5.

BY A. P. J.

DEAR M.: You say we cannot be wholly cleansed from sin in this life. What will you do with such texts as 1 Peter, iv. 1, 2. "Forasmuch then as Christ hath suffered in the flesh, arm yourselves likewise with the same mind; for he that hath suffered in the flesh hath ceased from sin." And this is not at death that he ceases from sin; it is while he still remains in the flesh, as the next verse proves. "That he should no longer live the rest of his time *in the flesh* to the lusts of men, but to the will of God." And what is this will that we should live to? "This is the will of God: even your sanctification." And this may almost be said to include all; for the truly sanctified Christian will discharge all the duties of Christianity, both relatively and personally, in his own walk of faith, and in his work of faith for others. For the walk would not be perfect without the work, nor the work without the walk. But, unhappily, they are often separated in imperfect believers; for we find some upright walkers who feel but little responsibility for the salvation of souls; and some active workers who are careless walkers. But need we say they are but in the vestibule of grace, or outer court of the temple; and must be led through the court of sacrifice by suffering, if they will not be led without, for there is no other way into the Holy of Holies but through the court of sacrifice. Abraham refused nothing, but laid his own son

willingly and cheerfully upon the altar. "And we are to walk in the steps of that faith of our father Abraham." (Rom. iv. 11, 12.) It was to Abraham's walk of faith that righteousness was imputed; and we see from the above texts that it is promised to us on the same condition. Is it not from the misunderstanding of this principle that the practice of faith so seldom attends the profession with the multitude of professors in our day? So that they are nearly in the condition that the Israelites were when about to go into captivity. "They come unto thee as the people cometh, and they sit before thee as my people, and they hear thy words, but they will not do them; for with their mouth they show much love, but their heart goeth after their covetousness." "And lo! thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument; for they hear thy words, but they will not do them." (Ezek. xxxiii. 31, 32.) If we copy the carelessness of the backsliding Israelites in practical Christianity, and their coldness in devotion, may we not also expect a copy of their judgments? It is said in Hosea xii. 10: "I have used similitudes by the ministry of the prophets." If, then, we find a similar state of things in the church of the present day, may we not expect the similitude to be extended to the like discipline, except the fault be corrected? Is not the church already in captivity to worldliness, — in her slavery to fashion, and her servile homage to wealth, in her carnal ease and spiritual sloth, in her bondage to the opinions of men and her want of religious sobriety? Do not the whole Scriptures teach that worldly wealth and greatness, self-appropriated, are utterly inconsistent with the humility of a sanctified soul? And where those things are eagerly sought, it evinces an unchanged heart, and an absence of that "holiness without which no man shall see the Lord." It must proceed from the principle of carnal

nature; for surely the spiritual mind does not produce worldly fruit. "For they that are after the Spirit, do mind the things of the Spirit." And the language of the Spirit is, "If ye do live after the flesh, ye shall die." Mind this thing of the Spirit. Add to this the definite declaration that "the friendship of the world is enmity against God;" and the same is said of the carnal mind; and judge if worldly professors are not in a wrong position, and if they are not misnamed when they call themselves by Christian names? There is a remarkable passage in Jer. v. 25-27, that seems to identify riches and worldly greatness with wickedness and deceit. "Among my people are found wicked men,—their houses are full of deceit; therefore they are become great, and waxen rich." "Shall I not visit for these things, saith the Lord?" "Your sins have withholden good things from you." It seems that these riches and this greatness were not counted good in the scriptural view of their value, for these, or the spirit which sought them, were the cause of the withholding of good things. And with good reason. "For what is highly esteemed by men is abomination in the sight of God." (Luke xvi. 13-15.) Among the chief of the charges against the Pharisees was their love of pre-eminence. "They loved the highest seats in the synagogues, and to be called Rabbi." The Apostle John makes the same charge against Diotrephes,— "Diotrephes, who loveth to have the pre-eminence among you, receiveth us not." (3 John, 9.) One remarkable result of this disposition was that he received not the apostle; no doubt his meek walk and humble life were most repugnant to his pre-eminent estimate of what was due to himself. He could not bear to fall in the estimation of the world, who had no esteem for gospel humility. Would not the Diotrepheses of the present day reject the Apostle John, also, if he attempted to preach their love of pre-eminence out of

them? Do they not reject him when they repudiate his principles? Would they not also reject his Master, who "received not homage from men," "and made himself of no reputation." With these precepts and examples before you, how can you grieve for your loss of property? You say, "It is loss of position too." Admit that it is loss of worldly position,—do you love that pre-eminence well enough to waste your peace in grief for the loss of it? If so, it would surely have destroyed your soul; and was in mercy removed, that you "might not be condemned with the world." You have reason to rejoice that the divine wisdom that saw it to be necessary for your good, did not spare for the crying of the flesh. If you would not see that the gospel requires you to forsake all, you must be taught by being deprived against your will. No sincere seeker of truth can fail to see that a worldly spirit is condemned in "the word by which we shall be judged at the last day." If we follow the things that are condemned, will we not be condemned with them, unless our merciful Father takes the work into his own hands, and removes them? For, if we follow the world, we will be condemned with the world. But we cannot follow it if those things that please it are removed, for the world will not have us if we do not own the things it loves. It is when the objects upon which our false peace was based are removed, that we are in a position to receive true peace, if we profit by the lesson. "For, if ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons." But, if not, what? Why, further chastisement. And what if it still produces no salutary effects? In that case, it would surely be cast away. For it must either submit, or be rejected. God dealt so with his ancient people. Remember they were his people, not aliens. And this was one of the charges against them. "Although I have chastened them, yet they sinned against me still." I think if you will examine

yourself closely, you will find that your antagonism to holiness proceeds more from that spirit of worldliness, which it is so difficult to break in some minds, than from a want of conviction of its being taught in the Bible as attainable in this life, and in this life only. Are you not conscious that the want of a self-renouncing, humble spirit stands greatly in the way of your peace? And it hinders your sanctification just in the same proportion. For the sanctified or "spiritual mind is peace." Is not your pride, then, your greatest foe, if it prevents your peace, and fills you with grief? Cast it, then, out at once and forever. If you cannot have the things back that you have lost, give them up, and be at peace. Resolve to regret nothing in the past; for you live your troubles over again in your regrets. You must lay your griefs upon the altar, as well as your pleasures and possessions, before you can be wholly sanctified, and have "the peace that passeth understanding." It is not in retaining, but in renouncing worldly things, that rest is obtained. What then must be the carnal state of that mind that grieves after them when God has renounced them for you, and your grief cannot bring them back? But, if you sinned in having them, do you not sin in grieving for them?—for the principle is the same. Both are the result of an unsanctified spirit, and both are under sentence of condemnation. "For worldly sorrow worketh death." "Sanctify the Lord God in your heart." And then, by the change in your estimate of the value of things, you will be able to escape your worldly griefs and snares at once, "knowing that in heaven you have a better and an enduring substance." The word "knowing" in this last text supposes a "full assurance of faith." It was this certainty of hope that strengthened them "to take joyfully the spoiling of their goods." And full assurance of faith is never enjoyed permanently but in a sanctified state.

"ALL THE FULNESS OF GOD."

BY T. E. W.

ALTHOUGH by transgression man has driven God from his heart, and cut himself off from communion with him, yet, through Christ's precious atonement, it is his exalted privilege to receive the Spirit again; yea, to be "filled with all the fulness of God." It seems that the principles of the divine nature prohibited his descending to seek and restore his wayward creature, man, till the atonement of Calvary had virtually been made, till the "law was magnified" and made "honorable;" but, this being done, he honorably, in the sight of all his creatures, descends to "reprove, convince the world of sin," saying, "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me," and when the "door" of the heart is "opened" by submission to Christ, accompanied, as it always is, with unfeigned prayer to the Guest to enter, the "Comforter" comes in, renovating and creating the soul "anew in Christ Jesus," and "shedding abroad the love of God" therein. "How much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him!" How excellent a work is this! God, for Christ's sake, justifies, regenerates, and adopts the soul as his, and sends the Comforter to "abide" therein "forever!" So great is the divine light and beauty to the soul at first, that it is not unusual for persons to conclude that all darkness is driven from within, that all corruption is taken away; but, like the man that has always dwelt in a dark room, and who, at the introduction of a lighted candle, is entranced with its beauties, losing sight, for a time, of the sombre shadows and dark corners around him, so, ordinarily, the soul, in a short time after conversion, discovers that, although a true and heavenly light, which radiates an unearthly joy, has been brought therein, there is still within the deep recesses of

its nature much shadow, darkness, corruption. Just at this point, many persons, not properly instructed, are greatly perplexed and discouraged in view of the fact that, whereas they thought themselves pure, they now find that they are very unholy, that there is "a law in their members warring against the law of their mind, and bringing them into captivity to the law of sin," etc. But what is "needful" at this point? Not that they give way to the tempter, and "return to the weak and beggarly elements of the world," but that they reconsecrate themselves to God, and be "filled with the Spirit,"—"with all the fulness of God." Eph. iii. 19. Not that they are to contain all the Godhead; a room may be perfectly filled with light, the air in every nook and corner illuminated, without containing all the sun or the light thereof; so the sacred chamber of the soul may be filled as full of light and divinity as even God, in its present condition, can make it, without containing all the Deity.

This "fulness" in man is the consummation aimed at, so far as earth is concerned, by all the grand provisions of the gospel. It is restoring to God his rightful throne in man's heart; it is restoring to man the "departed glory," "the image of God," and he goes forth "a living soul," exhibiting to the universe the moral likeness of that divine "likeness." God governs perfectly his heart, his heart rules his intellect, and his intellect directs his body,—just the reverse of the now natural order,—and thus the whole man, soul and body, day by day, is governed by God; and in him we have a living and influential declaration from God respecting what he would have us be in character and conduct. Influential, did I say? Oh, who can tell *how much* so? "The salt of the earth," preserving the very *foundation* of society; "the light of the world," revealing and imparting moral beauties, are the significant figures of the Saviour at this point. Like the aroma of the rose going out in sweetest fragrance

to all appreciative passers-by, this "divinity within" leaps forth from the beaming countenance, the flashing eye, and the winged words of its possessor, giving the world not an idea of "cleverness" or "good nature," but of something *above* nature; of something heavenly, that "the tabernacle of God is with men." See that lamp in the street in a dark night; although we cannot behold the luminous body itself, we do perceive a light that emanates therefrom, illuminating the contiguous air; so, though we see not the Holy Ghost himself, we do ordinarily apprehend a strange, unearthly light proceeding from the casket wherein his fulness dwells. That organ, without air, is tuneless; admit a measure of air, an unsteady current, and the operator brings sweet but imperfect sounds therefrom; fill it, as it was designed to be filled, and the most rich and touching strains of melody are drawn from it; so man's soul without the Spirit is joyless; admit a measure, and there is sweet but imperfect delight; fill him "with all the fulness of God," and he tastes angelic joy, and thrilling strains of heavenly music ring throughout his soul, and others will "hear" and "see" and "glorify" our "Father which is in heaven." Oh, when shall the church be *thus* "filled?" This is the need of all souls, and especially of the Christian ministry; but oh, how powerless we are in conquering the hearts of men! And why? There doubtless are many reasons, but that which swallows up all others is a lack of this one blessing,—*"the fulness of Christ."* Oh for humiliation and wailing on the part of Zion, and all her watchmen, in consequence of our wickedness, and *for* "the power!" "Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city; shake thyself from the dust; arise, and sit down, O Jerusalem; loose thyself from the bands of thy neck, O captive daughter of Zion." —*West. Chris. Adv.*

[Original.]

WORK WHILE IT IS CALLED
TO-DAY.

BY KATE.

To whom is this command given? Is it not equally applicable to every professing Christian, male or female? How important the meaning of the command,—Work while it is called to-day, *for the night cometh*. Would to God every follower of Christ felt its weight, and that it was stamped and sealed on every heart in which the candle of the Lord is lighted. How blessed then would be the influence attending the church of Christ.

Every converted person is called to labor in the church in his sphere as surely as the minister is called exclusively to its more public duties. The call may not be as direct or as exclusive, but we all have a power of influence that the church requires we should employ, and the sooner we employ it the better, lest God exclaim, "Cut down the barren tree." And when the night of death overtakes us, it will be fearful to give account if we have not performed our part faithfully; to hear the question, "What have you done to promote my glory?"—and not be able to utter a word,—or be obliged to point back to earth to the talent buried! Oh, agonizing will be the thought that those we loved are in torment eternal, when by our diligence we might have won them to Christ! The word that is like apples of gold set in pictures of silver might have turned their eternal destiny. But added to these thoughts there are the numerous commands to induce us to work for Christ. We cannot find a New-Testament page without a direct or indirect command, "*Go work to-day in my vineyard*." "For he that in these things *serveth Christ* is acceptable to God." "Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that you may be able to stand in the evil day, and having done *all to stand*." "Stand, therefore, *having your loins girt about with truth,*

having on the breastplate of righteousness, and your feet *shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace*; above all, taking the shield of faith wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked one. And take the *helmet of salvation* and the *sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God*, praying always with all prayer and supplication in the spirit." Yes, Christian, take all these and go and work for Christ.

I wish to address more particularly my sisters in Jesus. In the first place I desire to speak to those whom God has called to be coworkers with his servants the ministers. For it is to be feared that many in that holy, important, and responsible position do not realize how much is required of them. While yet there are some that shine like stars of resplendent glory. Trace their footsteps where you may,—to the public assembly, to their homes, in their daily walk,—you see faithfulness in duty.

IS CHRIST IN THE HOUSE?

THE Rev. Dr. Nettleton, while passing the residence of a gentleman in one of his walks, went up to the door and knocked. A young woman came to the door, of whom he inquired "if Jesus dwelt there." Quite astonished, she made no reply. Again he asked, "Does Jesus Christ dwell in this house?"

"No, sir," said she, and invited him to come in.

"Oh no," said he, very sadly; "if Christ is not here, I can't come in," and he turned and went away.

The next time he preached in that city, a young woman met him as he was leaving the church, and with tears in her eyes, asked if he recollected inquiring at a house, if Christ dwelt there.

"Yes," said he, "I do."

"I am that person," said she, "of whom you inquired, and it has been blessed to my soul."